London Printed for J. Williams at
The Crowne in S.t Pauls Churchyard

Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ
est ea viventem appetere,
quæ morienti forent appe-
tenda.

Revd Chambers

TO

My much honoured, and no

leſs truly beloved FRIEND,

EDW. BENLOWES,

ESQUIRE.

My dear Friend,

YOU have put the Theorboe *into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Muſician the firſt encouragement; the Muſick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a Light Air, no doubt but it had taken the moſt, and among them the worſt; but being a Grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt, and among them you. Toyiſh Aires pleaſe trivial*

Ears ; they kiſs the Fancy , and betray it. They cry , Hail , *firſt ; and after ,* Crucifie : *Let* Dorrs *delight to immerd themſelves in dung , whilſt* Eagles *ſcorn ſo poor a Game as Flies. Sir , you have Art and Candour ; Let the one judge , let the other excuſe*

Your moſt

affectionate Friend

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

TO THE READER.

AN *Embleme* is but a silent Parable. Let not the tender Eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these Types. In Holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes, a Fisher; sometimes, a Physician: And why not presented so as well to the Eye as to the Ear? Before the knowledge of Letters, God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to say, I wish thee as much pleasure in the Reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie baptiz'd Divinity:
Blest Soul that here embark'st: Thou sail'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by Wit or Grace,
Each Muse so plies her Oar: but O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heaven with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve in Verse this divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to license thee the Press:
I must no more; nor could the Truth say less.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigiensis.*

Tot

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus* habet, Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*,
Non è *Parnaſſo VIOLAM*, *Feſtive*, *ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *ROSAM*.
Quot *Verſus VIOLAS legis*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille ROSAS*.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* ſibi fugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in ſuccos *Hasque ROSASque* tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, *VIOLAS* puto, qualeque recluſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *ROSAS*:
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

Dum Cœlum officio Solum despicio.

THE
First BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

ROwze thee, my Soul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: Scrue up the heightned pegs
Of thy sublime Theorboe four notes higher,
And higher yet, that so, the shril-mouth'd Quire
Of swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
And make thy Consort more than half divine.
Invoke no Muse; Let Heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And let his sacred Influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains: Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon Earth; let Flesh and Blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base World appear
A thin blew Landskip: Let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill Earth,
Thy Ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reason curb
Thy hot mouth'd Passion; and let heav'ns fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected Reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lusts smoky fires,
Scorn, Scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
Come, come, my Soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like Snails,

That

That glide their wayes with their own Native ſlimes;
No, we muſt fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to Heav'n, and reach th'Olympick Ear;
Our Heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed frail,
And ſinful man: that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have padled; Cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts; O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O, wink at human faults;
And through the ſlender Conduct of my Quil
Convey thy Current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with Glory, take who liſt the Bayes.

I.

PHolmes sculp
Totus mundus in maligno (malilig no) positus est

I.

I.

IAM. 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. NOt eat? Not taſte? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'ſt thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfeits: Woman, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd: Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; Coy Woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an Eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat: Y'abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creator did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th'eye as fair:
But touching this his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſs than death to touch.

Serp. Piſh; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inſpire
Your equal Elements with living Fire,

Blown

Blown from the ſpring of life? is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
What ere he made (from the blew ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſt he not both the feeder and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch half-gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedome; Woman take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal
To let in death and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die: come, woman, taſte, and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree,
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death: Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do, as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
I'le pull, and taſte, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Only ſaid, Caſt thy ſelf down; *that we may know, that whoſoever obeyeth the Devil caſteth himſelf down: for the Devil may ſuggeſt, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt: Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and Glory to God, who propoſeth us, that we may contend, and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I.

Uulucky Parliament! wherein at laſt,
Both Houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An act of Death confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſs as Ours!

II.

Sic malum cessit vitium in omne malum

II.

JAMES 1. 15.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſin; and ſin when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth death.

1.

LAment, lament; Look, look, what thou haſt done?
Lament the world's, Lament thy own eſtate:
Look, look, by doing how thou art undone?
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of State:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, ſee too ſoon, what thou lament'ſt too late.
O thou that wert ſo many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy deſp'rate fall
Deſtroy'd thy unborn ſeed, deſtroy'd thy ſelf withal.

2.

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equal to Angels that excel in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obey'd
Thy own deſtruction? Like a new cropt flower
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that hadſt the pow'r to quel
The ſpite of new fal'n Angels, baffle Hell,
And vie with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that fell.

3.

See how the world (whoſe chaſt and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe Adultereſs, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with Monſters, Monſters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice a pawn;
Pale Envy pines, Pride ſwells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that whiſper'd, now begins to rore;
And bluſtring Boreas blows the boyling Tide;
The white mouth'd Water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And Rules her ruler with reſiſtleſs pride:
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd, ſee how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, command where once

5

Behold; that nakedneſs, that late bewray'd
Thy glory; now's become thy ſhame, thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe trees whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under;
Behold; that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd)
That late was muſick, now, affrights like thunder:
Poor man; Are not thy joynts grown ſore with ſhaking
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour did'ſt marr what heav'n ſix days was
(making;

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that freedom, which man could not uſe, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do, what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteouſly, when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it, when he had the will.

HUGO de anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed that abuſe lawful things, but they are moſt juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawful things: Thus Luciſer fell from Heaven: thus Adam loſt his Paradiſe.

EPIG. 2.

See how theſe fruitful kernils, being caſt
Upon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Et potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

12

III.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1.

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in Hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2.

The world's 'a hive,
From whence thou can'ſt derive
No good, but what thy Souls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-pettl-ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3.

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troups forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4.

For traſh and toyes,
And grief ingend'ring joyes,

What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and blood!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Man ſwallows down to purchaſe one falſe good!

5

The daincies here,
Are leaſt what they appear;
Though ſweet in hope, yet in fruition ſowre:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow:
The faireſt Tulip's not the ſweeteſt flowre.

6

Fond youth give ore,
And vex thy Soul no more
In ſeeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only preſent pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pain is ſure.

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade
True Embleme of thy ſweets? Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a ſting.

IV.

Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

IV.

PSALM 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1.

PUt in another weight : 'Tis yet too light :
And yet. Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another : Still there's under weight :
Put in another hundred : Put again ;
Add world to world ; then heap a thousand more
To that, then to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy ballance lower.

2.

Put in the flesh with all her loads of pleasure ;
Put in great *Mammon*'s endless inventory ;
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty *Cæsar* ;
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory ;
Add *Scipio*'s gauntlet ; put in *Plato*'s gown,
Put *Circes* charms ; put in the triple crown.
Thy ballance will not draw ; thy ballance will not down.

3.

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly overballanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! That frantick mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

4.

Thou bold Impostor, how hast thou besool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire!

How

How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd,
Heav'ns free born flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of treaſure,
And cheated man with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet moſt affecting,
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange; if ſtrange, ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; follow, and ſhe'l flee:
Than ſhe there's none more coy, there's none more fond than (ſhe.

6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and enſnaring wiles!
She clothes deſtruction in a formal kiſs,
And lodges death in her deceitful ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The veryeſt Tyrant, where ſhe vows to love,
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a Dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he who ſcorns ſo poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne're was born to try
Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes arms an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, and momentany glory periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

EPIG. 4.

My Soul, what's lighter, than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter, than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

V.

His vertitur orbis.

20

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this World passeth away.

GOne are those golden dayes, wherein
Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin.
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne
Was unusurped by his beardless Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuse
Of her chast bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:
When just *Astræa* pois'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood Young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leisure of this long tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in request,
And Chancery Courts were kept in ev'ry brest:
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful Cinders then
To broil the Carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of Guilt, but not a Guilt of shame:
There was no whining Soul to start
At *Cupid*'s twang, or curse his flaming dart;
The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erinnys* Scorpions had no stings:

The

The better acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love,
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then Reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till Lust and rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was; and love the Center
Until the wanton days of *Jove*
The simple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Jove* grew fleshly, false, unjust:
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust;
And Cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurld
Fierce balls of rape into th'incestuous world:
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with lust, with rage it burn'd:
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of Lust and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernitious poyſon, which weakneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of equals, becauſe they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.

EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with *Venus* Doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

24

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

1.

How is the anxious Soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an Hectick feaver may be cool'd
In flames of fire;
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
From nasty mire!
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

2.

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect
The best they can;
Let smiling Fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began;
Let Earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their best;
He may be blest
With all that Earth can give: but Earth can give no rest.

3.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double,

The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
Bring but a trouble;
The World it self, and all the Worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of mans insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that Earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

4.

The World's a seeming Par'dise, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more than Earth, can Earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless world, shall in this world find rest.

5.

True rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly dross;
Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her cross.
How worldlings droyl for trouble! That fond breast
That is possess'd
Of Earth without a cross has Earth without a rest.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the Devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliver, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſs of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe: the weak mans ſtaff: the Converts convoy: the upright mans perfection: the Soul and Bodies health: the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health, and wealth ſuch croſſes;
Look here, and tell me, what your Arms engroſs,
When the beſt end of what ye hugg's a croſs.

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

28

VII.

1 Pet. 5. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your Adverſary the Devil as a roaring Lion walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour.

1.

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian Lad, into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſleep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden Spirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams: awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou, as many heads, as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2.

Look, Look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdom: fools are wiſe too late:
Be ware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'ſt thou fall'ſt, and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3.

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
His aims, he levels at the ſlumb'ring heart:

The wound is posting, O be wise, beware,
What? has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the Spirit of neglected care?
Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes:
But know withal sweat tasts have sowr closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4.

Yet sluggard, wake, and gull thy Soul no more
With earth's false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
But sowr in tast, false as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light,
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words protest a Heaven: her works produce an hell.

5.

O thou the fountain of whose better part,
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion, put in wanton fire,
And ownst no torment but in *Cupid*'s dart;
Behold thy type: Thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no where: neither in Heaven nor in Paradiſe, much leſs in the World: in heaven the Angels fell from the divine preſence; in Paradiſe, Adam *fell from his place of pleaſure; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.*

HUGO.

I eat ſecure, I drink ſecure, I ſleep ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and eſcaped the torments of hell fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my Soul; Redeem thy ſlaviſh eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wiſe:
Thy Fo's before thee; thou muſt fight or fly:
Life lyes moſt open in a cloſed eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat

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VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

THe world's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortals, oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th' unequal poiſing
Of ill-weig'd Elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curſing *Cupids* quiver:
Another with a bloody-flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one dotes: the other loaths:
One friſks and ſings, and vies a flaggon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin rore:
Another droops: the Sun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: One's mop'd; the other's mad:
One huggs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t' evite
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a ſymptome of approaching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a Stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noiſom grief begins to pleaſe

The

The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rers awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At firſt th' affrighted Mortals quake and fear;
And every noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knel,
It is reputed, but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder:
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rons Son
Knew by his wages, what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſing and ſmile and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtom, and rebel in eaſe;
We falſe-joy'd-fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſte our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleſhes pleaſure, full riches, noble deſcent, and great deſires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? Where their inſolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much ſadneſs! After how much mirth, how much miſery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, becauſe thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou liveſt of earth; thou ſhalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where: be wiſe therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does ſomething pleaſe
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer diſeaſe?
Fool, giggle on, and waſte thy wanton breath:
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

IX.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum.

IX.

1 JOHN 2. 17.

The World passeth away and all the lusts thereof.

1.

DRaw near, brave Sparks, whose Spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroick actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories
Of Earth, whereon you trust the ground work of your glories.

2.

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal Joves;
That know no Heav'n, but in your Mistriss Eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoyes:
That can like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3.

Come dung-hill worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches, where ye come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your Mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your World, the bank of all your store,
The World ye so admire, the World ye so adore.

4.

A feeble world whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retrait;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice: and ev'ry act a sin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flower,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in *Danaes* shower,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;
Whose honour late was mann'd with Princely power,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6.

Nor length of days nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
The World is various, and the Earth is vain;
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire we love her bitterneſs: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it, and enjoy it, fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx*-ey'd Time is blind,
I'le truſt thy joys, O world till then, the wind.

X.

Utriusqꝫ crepundia Merces.

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X.

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

Ye are of your Father the Devil, and the lusts of your Father you will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o're this black:
'Tis a short cast, y'are quickly at the jack;
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowls side: blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes, come bowl away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play;
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block, your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too swift away:
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One rapps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The t'other bends his beetle brows, and chases:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black *Santo*'s to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's the Palm that Fortunes hand allows
To bless the victors honourable brows?
Come, Reader, come; I'le light thine Eye the way
To view the prize, the while the Gamesters play:

Close by the jack, behold, gill Fortune stands
To wave the game, see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To chear the Lads, and crown the conq'rors brow.
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowls
Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for Fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? what bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and every sinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every Soul's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's croft, He hardly can
Be a good Bowler and an honest man.
Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New sole my bowls, and make their bias true:
I'le cease to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heaven.

S. BERN-

S. BERNARD. lib. de Confid.

O you ſons of Adam, *you covetous generation, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real Earth, red and white, which the only errour of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In ſhort, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Luſt, thou infernal fire, whoſe fewel is gluttony, whoſe flame is pride; whoſe ſparkles are wanton words; whoſe ſmoke is infamy; whoſe aſhes are uncleanneſs; whoſe end is Hell.

EPIG. 3.

Mammon well followed: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No need can meaſure where the conqueſt lies;
Take my advice; compound, and ſhare the prize:

XI.

Mundus in exitium ruit 44

XI.

EPHES. 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the air.

1.

O Whither will this mad brain World at last
Be driv'n? where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? never once retrive?
Will Earths perpetual progress ne'r expire?
Her Team continuing in their fresh carier.
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2.

Sol's hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours task perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal Spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired Souls with strength restoring sleep.

4.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and Devils, made for race nor flight,
Can drag the idle World, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

Through dust and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains.
No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the rains.

4.

Poor captive world! How has thy lightness given
A just occasion to thy foes illusion?
O how art thou betray'd thus fairly driven
In seeming triumph to thy own confusion?
How is thy empty Universe bereaven
Of all true joyes, by one false joyes delusion?
So, I have seen an unblown virgin led
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended Bride to a false Bankrupts bed.

5.

Pull gracious Lord; Let not thine arm forsake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
Amongst the Lilies and sweet Beds of spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
Let not thy dust devouring Dragon boast,
His craft has won what Juda's Lion lost;
Remember what is carv'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life: there are enticements and Death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; alureth that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and fair, good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journies end requires not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprieves thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go: the Devil drives thee.

XII.

Iupem me copi fecit.

48.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1.

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (thee?
To th' earth's full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeize
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhould'ſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou ſwallowſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and (Death.

2.

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with her Milky floud,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſom gulps compos'd of wind and bloud.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3.

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed;
Can thorns bring grapes, or Crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholſom, where the whole's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earth's Milk's a rip'ned core
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

4.

Think'ſt thou that paunch, that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5.

And thou whose thriveless hands, are ever straining
Earths fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than Earth has power to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast:

6.

Go choose a substance, Fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure:
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:
Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7.

What less, than Fool, is man, to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,
Make firm possession but a thorow-fare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper:
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GR. EG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. ſecund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh than we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; if we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a Citizen: the fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good, whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: to be ſatisfied is a great art; leſt by the ſatiety of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters. It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, Fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin, and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

XIII.

XIII.

Damihi frœna timor. Damihi calcar amor 52

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are Evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! how prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are Milſtones, and our Souls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us or beats us off;
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt.
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: clogg'd with mire?
We ſtick or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a Lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When our dull Souls direct our thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnail is not ſo ſlow as we:
But at Earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
we burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her magnetick friend:

Or

Or as the greedy Lovers Eye-balls fly
At his fair Miſtriſs Eye:
So, ſo we cling to Earth; we fly and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with a courtly breath,
An hour's delay is Death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than Eagles:
Let Auſter weep or bluſt'ring Boreas rore
Till Eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threatning Rocks, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Fire,
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor Fire, nor Rocks, can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor Waves, nor Winds:
How faſt and fearleſs do our foot-ſteps flee;
The light-foot Roe-buck's not ſo ſwift, as we.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeveral lovers built two ſeverall Cities; the love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center; my weight is my love; by that I am driven whither ſoever I am driven.

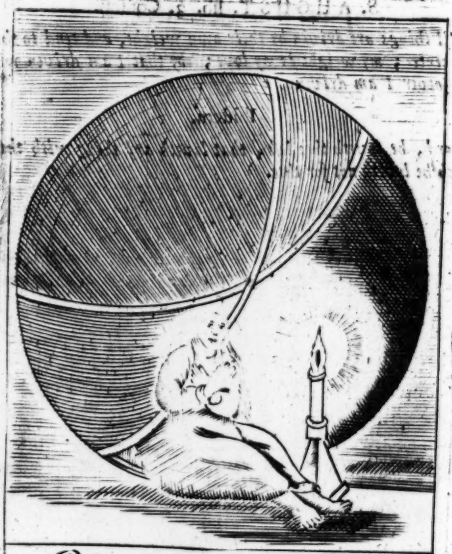
Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my Aſs if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my Stag, if he ſhould fly too faſt.
If he be over ſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend him a ſpur; Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.



Phosphere redde diem

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XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

Lighten mine Eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death.

WIl't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd Light
Ne'r break, and clear thoſe clouds of Night?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the Day,
whoſe conqu'ring ray
May chaſe theſe fogs; ſweet *Phoſpher*, bring the Day.

How long! how long ſhall theſe benighted Eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long ſhall darkneſs ſoyl
The face of Earth, and thus beguile
Our Souls of ſprightful action? when, when will day
Begin to dawn, whoſe new born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd Souls new motion?
Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day,
Thy Light will fray
Theſe horrid miſts? Sweet *Phoſpher*, bring the day.

Let thoſe have Night that ſlightly love t'immure
Their cloyſter'd crimes, and ſin ſecure;
Let thoſe have Night that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſs they ne'r bluſh to do:
Let thoſe have Night, that love to have a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap:
Let thoſe whoſe Eyes, like Owls, abhor the Light,
Let thoſe have Night that love the Night:

Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes? Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Alas! my Light in vain expecting Eyes
Can find no object but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of *Vulcan*'s forge, whose flames are Dark,
A dangerous, a dull blue burning Light,
As Melancholy as the Night:
Here's all the Suns that glister in the Sphere
Of Earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
Haste, haste away
Heav'ns loyt'ring lamp; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Blow, ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks Earth into a Lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight
The Worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spight;
Since thou hast puft our greater Taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e're that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of Night: Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

S. AUGUS T. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirſty, he is Water; If in Darkneſs, he is Light; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a Light that is never Darkned; An unwearied life that cannot die; a Fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of Wiſdom; a radical beginning of all goodneſs.

EPIG. 14.

My Soul, if Ignorance puff out this light,
She'l do a favour that intends a ſpight:
It ſeems dark abroad; but take this Light away,
Thy windows will diſcover *break a day.*

XV.

Debilitate fides: Terras Astræa reliquit

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

1.

LOrd! can'ſt thou ſee and ſuffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earths black Monarch
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land?
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-reſiſting Cuſtom ſhake
The pillars of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come down;
Behold whoſe Temples wear thy ſacred Crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2.

See how the bold Uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of Royal Majeſty; How overſtrawing
Perils with Pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat:
Lord can'ſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, can'ſt thou ſee and hold?

3.

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of Kings,

That sweet Embassadour, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious Soul or sighs or sings,
See how she flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and Eyes put out by sense;
Sense conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And basely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it self, do what th' Almighty could.

4.

Behold how double fraud does scourge and rent
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear;
See how she stands a prisoner to be sent
A slave into eternal banishment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent must be cancell'd in disgrace:
And sweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Must act *Astræa*'s part, must take *Astræa*'s place.

5.

Faith's pinion's clipt! And fair *Astræa* gone?
Quick-seeing *Faith* now blind? And *Justice* see?
Has *Justice* now found wings: and has *Faith* none?
What do we here? who would not wish to be
Dissolv'd from Earth, and with *Astræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sun-bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter lost, or laid aside?
Is Hell broke loose and all her fiends untied?
Lord, rise, and rouze, and rule, and crush their furious pride.

PETR. RAV. in Matth.

The Devil is the author of Evil, the Fountain of wickedneſs, the adverſary of the truth, the corrupter of the World, mans perpetual Enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth Bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, belcheth anger, expoſeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errors, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer: and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no Enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My Soul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the laſt act crowns the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

64

The

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH 50. 11.

You that walk in the Light of your own fire; and in the ſparks that ye have kindled, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.

1.

DO, ſilly *Cupid*, ſnuff and trim
Thy falſe, thy feeble Light,
And make her ſelf-conſuming flames more bright;
Methinks ſhe burns too dim.
Is this that ſprightly fire,
Whoſe more than ſacred beams inſpire
The raviſht hearts of men, and ſo inflame deſire?

2.

See, Boy, how thy unthriſty blaze
Conſumes, how faſt ſhe wains;
She ſpends her ſelf, and her, whoſe wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rayes.
Cannot thy luſtful blaſt,
Which gave it luſtre, make it laſt? (faſt?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleaſure ſpends ſo

3.

Go, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd Light
Where never breaking Day
Intends to viſit mortals, or diſplay
Thy ſullen ſhades of Night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemiſphere;
Heav'ns ſcornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4.

In vain thy busie hands addres
Their Labour to display
Thy easie blaze within the Verge of day;
The greater drowns the less:
If Heav'ns bright glory shine,
Thy glim'ring sparks must needs resign;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5.

Go, *Cupid*'s rammish Pander, go,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow;
Blow wind made strong with spight;
When thou hast puft the greater Light,
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made Night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Taper out, and you have spent your own,
What fire shall warm ye then;
Ah Fools, perpetual Night
Shall haunt your Souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring no
Light.

S. AUGUST.

The ſufficiency of my merit is to know, that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the leſs man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſs he diſpleaſeth himſelf; and by how much the more he ſeeth the Light of Grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the Light of Nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The Light of the underſtanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'ſt Heav'ns fire, the whil'ſt thou go'ſt about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confuſion to thy Death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum explcat orbem.

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II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his Eye satisfied with riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-ſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yielding breaſt
Can ſhrink to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orb! How Earth refin'd
Can cling to fordid Earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, and ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much: too much craves more;
We charge our Souls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoil or burſt: the buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires; deſires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundleſs Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd Night
Firſt tips her horned brows with eaſie Light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled Nymphs attire
Her next nights glory with increaſing fire;
Each Ev'ning adds more luſtre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her Brothers golden ſtore,
Until her glutted orb can ſuck no more,
Ev'n to the Vulture of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeeks, and ſeeking finds
New fewel to increaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloy'd than mens deſire:
We croſs the Seas, and midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lives, perchance that n'er return;

We

We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native Kingdoms, and of foreign Lands;
We Travel Sea and Soil, we pry, we proul,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oyl,
We tire the Night in thought, the day in toil:
We make Art servile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compass Earth, and with her empty store
To fill our Arms and grasp one handful more;
Thus seeking rest, our Labours never cease,
But as our years, our hot desires increase:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! with blood and sweat
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,
And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.
Now Reader close thy Book, and then advise:
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The World's base dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; The World's a Trap.

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now, that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the World? Nothing remaineth of them but Duſt and Worms; Obſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did Eat, Drink, Laugh, and led merry daies: and in a moment ſlipt into Hell. Here their fleſh is food for Worms; there their Souls are fewel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill, until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le truſt thy armful, I'le truſt that.

III.

III.

Non amat iste; sed humat amor.

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III.

III.

JOB 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1.

WHat? nets and quiver too? what need there all
Theſe ſlie devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly convoys where thou liſt and when?
What needs a ſtratagem where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what need ſtrength compel, where none gainſay?
Or what need ſtratagem or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2.

Husband thy ſlights: it is but vain to waſte
Hony on thoſe that will be catch'd with gall:
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: thou art more ſlow to call,
Than they to come! thou canſt not make ſuch haſt
To ſtrike, as they being ſtruck, make haſte to fall:
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3.

Loſt mortal, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!

The one's a Line, the t'other is a Lure;
This to entice thy Soul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th'eternal curſe.
O charming Tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
And ſlav'd poor man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not if he would!

4.

Alas, thy ſweet perfidious voice betrayes
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapſt his Eyes in miſts, then boldly layes
Thy Lethal gins before their cryſtal gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry ſenſe with thy falſe keyes,
All willing priſ'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His Ear moſt nimble, where it Deaf ſhould be,
His Eye moſt Blind, where moſt it ought to ſee,
And when his Heart's moſt bound, then thinks him
(moſt fre

5.

Thou grand Impoſtor, how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the World? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? will no plump foe
Bribe thy falſe fiſts to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy priſ'ners free!

S. BER

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this World is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps: here every thing is beset with ſnares; here Souls are endangered, Bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of Spirit.

EPIG. 3.

ay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou pleaſe,
hou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
hy thriving ſport will ne'r be ſpent: no need
o fear, when ev'ry cork's a World, thou'lt ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue seruitium est, quod leuis esca parit.

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble Eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whoſe Souls deſpiſe
To follow natures too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the Regent walk of paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe with ſmiles and tears;
Come burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which daies of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The World, and made more ſlaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay: why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we.
What's ſweet-lipt Honors blaſt, but ſmoke? what's treaſure
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas! they're all but ſhadows, fumes, and blaſts;
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſtes.
The reſtleſs Merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and laves his Soul to ſleep
In bags of Bullion, ſees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds suck such an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchase worth the stile of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with Blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of Death;
Whose dear bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, which wastes his idle dayes
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze
Of *Cupid*'s Candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his Mistriss *Geminies*,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are sindg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire:
The World's a bubble, all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours vanish in a minute:
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: He is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the People are but smoke: and a blast suddenly vanishing: which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne quod lucet aurum est

V.

PROV. 23, 5.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1.

FAlſe World, thou ly'ſt: thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at Night:
Poor are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt:
And yet thou vaunt'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt (ly'ſt.
With Heaven; fond Earth thou boaſts; falſe World thou

2.

Thy babling tongue tels golden tales
Of endleſs treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou ask'ſt the Conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her:
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

3.

What well adviſed ear regards
What Earth can ſay?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy

Thy cunning can but pack the cards:
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st: false World, thou ly'st.

4.

Thy tinsil bosome seems a mint,
Of new-coin'd treasure;
A Paradise, that has no flint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain Earth! that falsly thus comply'st
With man: Vain man! that thou rely'st
On Earth: Vain man thou doat'st: Vain Earth thou ly'st.

5.

What mean dull Souls, in this high measure
To habberdash
In Earths base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose inchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false World thou ly'st.

PET.

PET. BLES.

The World is deceitful : Her end is doubtful ; Her concluſion is horrible ; her Judge is terrible ; and her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

The Vain glory of this World is a deceitful ſweetneſs , a fruitleſs labour , a perpetual fear , a dangerous honour : Her beginning is without providence , and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World , th'art a Traytor ; thou haſt ſtampt thy baſe
And chymick metal with great *Cæſar*'s face ,
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt barter'd
For wares of price ; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd !

VI

VI.

Sic accessit orbis.

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VI.

JOB 15. 31

Let not him that is deceived, truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

1.

BElieve her not, her glaſs diffuſes
Falſe portraictures: thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders Eye;
Her Cryſtal's falſly ſteel'd: it ſcatters
Deceitful beams: Believe her not, ſhe flatters.

2.

This flaring mirrour repreſents
No right proportion, hue or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloſs of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy courſe complexion.

3.

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd troops deſi'd,
A very fragment of a man?
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove*-ſlain Tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

2.

Had ſurfets, or th' ungracious Star
Conſpir'd to make one common place

Of

Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She'd lend thee favour ſhould out-move
The *Troy*-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5.

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poor
As *Lazarus* or afflicted *Job*'s:
Shee'l change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
Shee'l make thy hide-bound-flank appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the year.

6.

Look off, let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd: thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thy ſelf's the object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
But 'tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approach the Light of nature.

7.

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger:
But when they glance their fair aſpect,
The bold-fac'd ſhade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8.

The Soul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in, but ſwells if grace retreat;
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our ſelf eſteems grow leſs or great,
The leaſt is greateſt, and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt are the leaſt of all.

HUGO

HUGO lib. de anima.

In Vain he lifteth up the Eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: Firſt, thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thy ſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God; for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: the beſt looking-glaſs, wherein to ſee thy God, is perfectly to ſee thy ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd great Fool: there is no loſs
In being ſmall: great bulks but ſwell with droſs.
Man is heav'ns Maſter piece: If it appear
More great, the value's leſs; if leſs, more dear.

VII.

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

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VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have set before thee Life and Death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose Life, that thou and thy seed may Live.

1.

THe World's a Floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The World's a heap, whose yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her soyl;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their loss-ful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2.

This furnish'd Ark presents the greedy view
With all that Earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joyes; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy Soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maist thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

3.

Come then my Soul, approach this Royal Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retains:
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in council with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price than pains.
But O my Soul take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th' eye.

4.

The worldly Wiſdom of the Fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs bran:
But thou, my Soul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe, O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſire,
Thou art Heav'ns tasker; and thy God requires,
The pureſt of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

5.

Let Grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And Wiſdom bleſs thy Souls unblemiſh'd waies,
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-numbred dales:
No need to care, for wealths or fames increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palm, nor high *Apollo*'s Bayes.
Lord, if thy gracious bountie pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff that wil

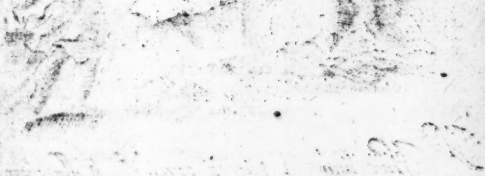
S. AUGUS

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The Life of man is the middle between Angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delights in spiritual things, he is suted with Angels.



EPIG. 7.

rt thou a Child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
ut like a Child, and with the Childrens bread:
t thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
y Soul thou savour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala: at illa viros.

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

They mind Earthly things, but our conversation is in Heaven.

Venus. *Divine Cupid.*

Ven. WHat means this peevish brat? Whish, lullaby,
What ails my Babe? what ails my Babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurses breast nor Mothers knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward Boy
To make such whimp'ring faces; Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buss and friends, my Lamb; whish, lullaby,
What ails my Babe? What ails my Babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears;
Come Smile upon me: Let thy Mother spie
Thy Fathers image in her babies Eye:
Husband these guiltless drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of Age;
Thine Eye's not ripe for tears: whish, lullaby;
What ails my Babe, my sweet-fac'd Babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pelops* ſhoulder, or my Milk-white pair:
Here's right the Father's ſmile, when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they Smile alike; thy baſe-bred Boy
And his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
How well their ſubjects and their Smiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf-tranſported heart
(Ov'r-whelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining Night and Day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpair, laies by
His leaden buskings, and preſents his Eye
With antick trifles, which th' indulgent Earth
Makes proper objects of mans childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the Coyn that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the Pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt Heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh, and their high ſtrains unheard:
The ploughmans whiſtle or the trivial flute
Find more reſpect than great *Apollo's* lute:
We'll look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joyes;
Let ſwine Love huſks, and Children whine for toyes.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſs, and all delectable things are deſpicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd Eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well mayſt thou cry, that art ſo poorly pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

ISAIAH 10. 3.

What will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish World in awe, and stings (Kings?
The blundring Souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of

2.

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of Love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Jove?*)
Or has our lustful God perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* Eyes would scape)
The view of jealous Earth, in this prodigious shape?

3.

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing Eyes, that so control'd
The World? And locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnish'd gold?

No,

4.

No, no, 'twas neither Hecat an ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above:
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſp'rit,
That thus transform'd our God of Love;
'Twas owl-ey'd Luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe Eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5.

See how the latter Trumpets dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling Son!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6.

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The Summ of men and Angels Pray'r:
This, this the day, whoſe All-diſcerning Light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of Night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joyes from falſe delight.

7.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdom trades
Where Light nev'r ſhot his golden ray:
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your Eyes endure this Day?
Hills will be Deaf, and mountains will not Hear;
There be no caves, nor corners there, (fear.
To ſhade your Souls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from

HUGO.

O the extreme loathſomneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only diſtaineth the Soul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſs; it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? Sweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy baſtard-treaſure.
Thy boaſted honours and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, Fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Finit : mane est.

100

X.

NAHUM. 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy Ear;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full as fair;
But meerly tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The Soul that vainly ſounds
Her joyes upon this World but feeds on empty ſounds.

2.

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds; there's nothing in't,
The ſpark-ingend'ring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E're this falſe World ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt;
With ſmooth-fac'd calms of reſt?
Thou mayſt as well expect Meridian Light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd Night,
As in this empty World to find a full delight.

She's

3.

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine Ear?
It is but winde, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like a mist.
Poor honour Earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heav'n-bred Soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

4.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For Fools to play withall:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lin'd with silken trouble:
It is a World, whose work and recreation
Is Vanity and vexation;
A Hag, repair'd with vice-complexion paint,
A quest-house of complaint;
It is a saint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a saint.

5.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis Vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living Death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world, she's empty: hark, she sounds.

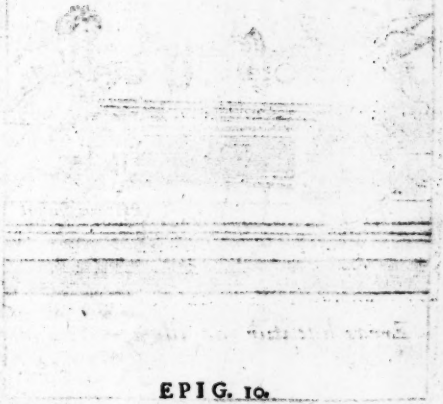
S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn Earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.



EPIG. 10.

This Houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her Income tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let; or let alone.

XL

XI.

Erras hac itur ad illam.

104

XI.

MATTH. 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepost'rous Fool, thou troul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes inſtructed by thine Eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whoſe rankling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The Common way to Heav'n's by Hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah, Fool beware,
The Eaſeſt road's not always ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n:
Think'ſt thou the Crown of Glory's had,
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhorming Nights,
Soft knees, full Bones and beds of down,
Are proper Prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view,
Like proſperous *Ceſar*, and ſubdue?
The bond ſlave Uſurer will trudge
In ſpight of Gouts, will turn a drudge,
And ſerve his Soul-condemning purſe,
T' increaſe it with the widows curſe:

And ſhall the Crown of Glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand?
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute luſt, will count it gain
To loſe his Freedom, his Eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his Name
Upon the waxen wings of Fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackiſh drops and Blood:
And ſhall the promis'd Crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An eaſie good brings eaſie gains:
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n muſt fight.

S. HIERO

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No Labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. II.

O *Cupid*, If thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.

In cruce ſtat ſecurus amor.

XII.

GALAT. 6. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross.

1.

CAn nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling Love?
Can my affections find out nothing best?
But still and still remove?
Has Earth no Mercy? will no Ark of rest
Receive my restless Dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joyes that never change, with joyes that ne'r expire.

2.

I wanted wealth: and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;
My fame flew Eagle-high;
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vanish'd like a shade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3.

The World's an Ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion:

Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of Mans vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worse by alteration:
The Earth's a cask full tunn'd; yet wanting measure;
Her precious Wine is pleasure;
Her yest is honours puff; Her lees are worldly treasure.

4.

My trust is in the Cross: let beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail;
Let count'nance-gilding honour cease to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base, though Golden Tail;
False beauties conquest is but real loss,
And wealth, but Golden dross;
Best honour's but a blast: my trust is in the Cross.

5.

My trust is in the Cross: There lies my rest;
My fast, my sole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot mouth'd East
Blow till they burst with spight:
Let Earth and Hell conspire their worst, their best,
And joyn their twisted might;
Let showrs of thunder-bolts dart down, and wound me
And troops of Friends surround me;
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'r confound me.

6.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's Crosse is the Christcrosse of all our happinesse: It deliverers us from all blindnesse of error, and enriches our darknesse with light; It restoreth the troubled Soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to Gods acquaintance; It maketh remote forreigners neer neighbours; It cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsook me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

Post Vulnera Dæmon

XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

As a Dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a Fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chiron*'s art;
I yield, I yield; the day, the Palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy ſhaft's more fierce than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conq'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equal Arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms?
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with Death, has ſtruck my conſcience Dead.
But muſt I die? Ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds and call
This dart a Cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying Ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The ſlendet debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more than all this lower World can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkneſs bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe than Tirian pains.
Farewel my vain, Farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling dayes, my rev'ling Nights;

'Twas

'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found
My Soul advantage, gave my Soul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whose sovereign looks
So often catch'd me with their Golden Hooks;
Go seek another slave; ye must all go;
I cannot serve my God and Bullion too.
Farewel false honour; you, whose airy wings
Did mount my Soul above the thrones of Kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; Farewel my Cyprian Quiver;
Farewel dear World, Farewel dear World for ever.
O, but this most delicious World, how sweet
Her pleasures relish! Ah! How jump they meet
The grasping Soul, and with their sprightly fire,
Revive, and raise, and rowze the wrapt desire!
For ever? O, to part so long? what? never
Meet more? another Year, and then for ever:
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong;
What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd, Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. pœn.

Go up my Soul into the tribunal of thy Conſcience: there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thy ſelf: Hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelf.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſin defileth: He hath ill repented, whoſe ſins are repeated: that Stomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he that not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

XIV.

Post lapsum fortius asto

XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

1.

'Tis but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tripe
Just as I slipe:
My wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play:
I was too bold, He never yet stood sure:
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The tide's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and Blood.

2.

Boast not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no Stones
To crush his Bones:
What if he staggers? Nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For Mercy too:
The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boast

3.

Boast not thy Conquest, thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times lower,
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:
Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble:
Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages:
Sowr grief and sad repentance scowrs and clears
My stains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4.

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
We call a Man!
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
Of his desires!
How slight and short are his resolves at longest,
How weak at strongest!
O if a sinner held by that fast hand,
Can hardly stand;
Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they,
That have no stay!
Mans state implies a necessary curse;
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's worse.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell. Insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected. It is no danger for a Souldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through despair of recovery to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded Champions wear the palm at last, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, *Cupid*, his mischance doth show
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon: has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah Fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

XV.

Putet æthræ; claudatur orbi.

XV.

XV.

JEREMIAH 32. 40.

I will put fear in their harts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

So, now the Soul's ſublim'd: her ſowr deſires
Are recalcin'd in heaven's well temp'red fires:
The heart reſtor'd and purg'd from droſſie nature,
Now finds the Freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor ſeeks the ſting of Death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts, each Houſe he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purſe his chequer; and at pleaſure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the World like *Cæſar*;
At length by vertue of a juſt command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon his Paſs, not fully underſtood,
Is texted in a manuſcript of Blood:
Thus paſt from town to town; until he come
A ſore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to ſin, and uncontrol'd removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old-worn pleaſures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And laſh'd from ſins to ſighs; and by degrees,
From ſighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true penſive breſt;
From thence to torments, not by tongues expreſt,

Returns; (and from his sinful self exil'd)
Finds a glad Father, he a Welcome Child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
The Royal Off-spring of a second Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the doors to Earth:
If love-sick *Jove* commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quickned *Danae*'s lap:
Or Dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster.
If Earth (Heav'ns rival) dart her idle ray:
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the World, 'tis clay:
If Earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But like the jet unrub'd, disdains that straw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief disturbs it, and no errour guides it;
No guilt condemns, and no folly shames it;
No sloth besots it, and no lust enthralls it;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion gawls it;
It is a cark'net of immortal life;
An Ark of peace; the lifts of sacred strife;
A purer piece of endless transitory;
A shrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n born Off-spring of a new-born birth;
An Earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly Earth.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subsists, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: It shall find the heat of its power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my desire is before thee and my groaning is not hid from thee
Psa 38

THE
THIRD BOOK.
The Entertainment.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The world's baſe traſh, whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſt ear
No wanton Songs of Syrens can ſurprize
With falſe delight; whoſe more than Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of Gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and do not daze;
Whoſe Souls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh, draw nigh:
And you whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing Sun) put out the Light
Of *Venus* ſtar, and turn her day to Night;
You that would love and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſs, than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your tortur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſs cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Inflames your courage in purſuit, draw near,
Shake hands with Earth, and let your Soul reſpect
Her joyes no further, than her joyes reflect
Upon her makers glory: if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee him in all; ſee all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want: enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſs, or loſt in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtriſs, let no change remove
Thy Loyal heart; be fond; be ſick of Love:
What if he ſtop his Ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'l be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy Soul in groans: thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his Ear, ſhall pierce his Ear alone:
Dart up thy Soul in vows: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know;
Dart up thy Soul in ſighs: Thy wiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his Ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy groans, thy ſighs, thy cloſet-vow;
There's none, there's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his Eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with Faith, and double-fork'd with fire,
And they will hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come:
Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

My Soule hath desired thee in the Night. Esay: 26:

L

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My Soul hath desired thee in the Night.

GOod God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping Soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the Light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal Night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of Heav'n can set and rise,
And with his morning Glory fill the Eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Nights bashful Empress, though she often wain,
As oft repeins her Darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her Brothers wealth, and orbs her Silver face.
But ah! my Sun deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow Light;
Alas, my Darkness is perpetual Night,
Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times;
Ebbs have their Flouds, and Autumns have their Springs;
All States have changes hurried with the swings
Of Chance and Time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial Bodies and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine Eye desires,
And bathe my Soul in those celestial fires?
Like as the haggard, cloistered in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew

Her

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her Dove befeather'd Prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nipps off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n so my weary Soul, that long has lin
An Inmate in this Tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Errour, which invites
My cloist'red thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The Sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These duskie clouds that make so Dark a Night;
Shine forth great Glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loath my self, and honour Thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine Eye:
If I must want those Beams, I wish; yet grant,
That I, at least, may with those Beams, I want.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great dark Cloud of vanity before mine Eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice and the Light of Truth: I being the Son of Darkness, was involved in Darkness: I loved my Darkness, because I knew not thy Light: I was Blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from Darkness to Darkness: But Lord thou art my God, who hast led me from Darkness and the shadow of Death; hast called me into this glorious Light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. 1.

My Soul, chear up; what if the Night be Long,
Heav'n finds an Ear, when sinners find a tongue,
Thy tears are Morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When *Peter*'s Cock begins to Crow, 'tis Day.

II.

O Lord thou knowest my foolishnesse and my Sinns are not hid from thee Ps: 69. 5.

II.

PSALM 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſins are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſom Ideot? In what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate Soul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded Eye?
Reader, ſuch very Fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our Souls, the threefold ſubject of our care:
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joyes
For aiery trifles, ſell our Heav'n for toyes:
We ſnatch at barly grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very Fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt thou at honour? does not th' Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full baſket, if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the Fool unſtride
His prancing Stallion, thou maiſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The Earth affords ſuch Fools, as dote upon her;
Such is the game whereat Earth's ideots flie;
Such ideots, ah! ſuch Fools are thou and I:

Had

Had rebell-man's Fool-hardineſs extended
No farther, than himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon the eternal Eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breſt
Of his indulgent Father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred Perſon: in diſgrace,
To ſpit and ſpaul upon his Sun-bright-face;
To taunt him with baſe terms; and being bound,
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with humane fears;
His hands with Nails, and his pale flank with ſpears:
And then to paddle in the pureſt ſtream
Of his ſpilt Blood, is more, than moſt extreme:
Great builder of mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright Eyes, and not confound
Thy handy work? O! Canſt thou chooſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the Eye? Can ought be hid from thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt:
Thou ſeeſt not, what thou maiſt, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A Screen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou ſhalt ſpie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine Eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious Eyes and me,
Yet view the ſcar; that ſcar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my Fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools ſeem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they ſeem to enjoy happineſs, when indeed they are only moſt miſerable; neither do they underſtand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious Fool, what has thy folly done:
Controll'd thy God, and cruciff'd his Son?
How ſweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou ſhedd'ſt his blood, and that ſhed blood has ſav'd thee.

III.

Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weake
O L^d heale me for my bones are vexed Ps: 62.

III.

PSALM 6. 2.

Have Mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul. AH, Son of *David*, help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son of *David*? *Soul*, It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breſt
That's heavy laden and would faln have reſt.
Jesus. I have no ſcraps, and dogs muſt not be fed
Like houſhold Children, with the Childrens bread.
Soul. True, Lord: yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of *David*, help.
Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'ſt thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot reſt, I know not where to fly
To find ſome eaſe; I turn'd my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place
T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But ſtill I am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My mid-night torments call the ſluggiſh Light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the Night.
Jes. Surceaſe thy tears, and ſpeak thy free deſires. (fires.
So. Quench, quench my flames, and ſwage theſe ſcorching
Jes. Canſt thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try
Thy pulſe; where chiefly doth thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the ſelf-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Canst thou digest? canst relish wholsom food?
How stands thy tast? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All sinful trash, and Earths unsav'ry stuff
I can digst, and relish well enough.
Jesus. Is not thy Blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns!
Jesus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With Eating Fruit. *Jesus.* 'Tis Epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'Tis a feaver strong
And full of death, unless, with present speed,
A vein be opened, thou must die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and spent: that launce that shall
Let forth my Blood, lets forth my life withal:
My Soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of Blood, then (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I dy.
Jesus. 'Tis either thou must bleed, sick Soul or I:
My Blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Than these: chear up; this precious Blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine:
Believe and view me with a faithful Eye,
Thy Soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciful unto me: Ah me: Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; Thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O Wiſdom, with how ſweet an art doth thy Wine and Oyl reſtore health to my healthleſs Soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerfull art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Art thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor dy!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no Med'cine good
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians Blood!

IV.

Looke vpon my Affliction and Misery and forgive mee all my sinn.

IV.

PSALM 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my Sins.

BOth work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſſhur do?
Stripes, after Stripes; and blows ſucceeding blows?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no Mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T' allow no other favours? none but theſe?
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptoms, theſe the ſigns of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toylſome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſin without the addition of a ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrows
Thy plough has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To Mercy by the charms of ſweat and Blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſie mount, wherein
Thy dull Diſciples ſleep, was not my Sin
There puniſh'd in thy Soul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
Reflow'd thy ſoveraign Sacramental ſide:

There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee,
That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bledst for me.
Was there not Blood enough, when one small drop
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
The mouth of Justice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Justice challenge more?
Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy losses from my sides? my Blood is thin,
And thy free bounty scorns such easie thrift;
No, no, thy Blood came not as love but gift.
But must I ever grind? And must I earn
Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disaltern
The rest thou gav'st? Hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on *Adams* fall, and made it worse?
Canst thou repent of Mercy? Heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in Blood:
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
I am but dying dust: my day's a span;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the Blood of Man?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere;
Send fewer stroaks, or lend more strength to bear.

S. BER

S. BERN. Hom. 81. Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant. In regard of my bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſable: For my will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; for he that committeth ſin is the ſervant to ſin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold puniſhment; the mill, the ſcourge.
Thy ſin's the authour of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee that thou hast made me as the Clay, wilt thou bring me into dust againe: Iob. 10.9

V.

JOB 10. 9.

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me, as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to dust again?

THus from the bosom of the new made Earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The same the stuff, the self same hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
One was their Sire, one was their common Mother,
Plants are his Sisters, and the beast his Brother,
The Elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arrai'd;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him, and in growth,
The three ag'd Oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of Earth? what art thou more in being man?
I, but thy great Creator did inspire
My chosen Earth, with thy diviner fire
Of reason; gave me judgment and a will:
That, to know good; this, to choose good from ill;
He put the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And jurisdiction over Sea and Land,
He gave me art to lengthen out my span
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I, but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

The

The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living Earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man?
O but my Soul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creator;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My heart's a living Temple t' entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtile than man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her Temple's raz'd, her Altars all defil'd;
Her veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With cloathed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her Oyl-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out: her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of Earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my Bones brazil, or my fleſh of Oak!
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke;
Look, look with gentle Eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puſt up with fame and purſe?
Th' art better Earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from Earth, to Earth thou muſt return,
And art but Earth caſt from the Womb to th'urn.

VI.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men: why hast thou set me as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20

VI.

JOB 7. 20.

I have ſinned, what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men; why doſt thou ſet me, as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field.
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For Mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her gardleſs guard doth now repent
Upon his naked floor; See both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In Blood and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without and putrefie within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Juſt in my Blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can
Poor duſt and aſhes make? O if that Blood
That yet remains unſhed were half as good
As Blood of oxen; if my Death might be
An offering to atone my God and me;

I would

I would disdain injurious life and stand
A suiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life? or balanc'd with the Blood of Man?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that Soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot lose what Mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his Mothers Eyes,
Her frowns (half mixt with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;
Where if the Babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her Babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses:
I am that child; Lo, here I prostrate ly,
Pleading for Mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle Ears
Hear that in words, what Mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th' art a Father, I, a Child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy Enemy ſhould be my Enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugn me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebel?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it.

VII.

VII.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy? Iob. 13.

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine Enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long deny
The Sun-ſhine of my Soul-enliv'ning Eye?

Without that *Light*, what Light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee:

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine Eyes are darkned with perpetual Night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine Eyes are blind and dark; I cannot ſee;
To whom or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek, but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly
But *Life?* And where is *Life* but in thine Eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and flieſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ſt me?

Unskreen thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face? perhaps thou think'ſt no Eye
Can view thoſe flames and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is *Phœnix*-like to periſh in that fire.

Death conquer'd *Lazarus* was redeem'd by thee:
If I am dead, Lord, ſet deaths priſoner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puft life be out, give leave to tine
My ſhameleſs ſnuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine?
O what's thy *Light* the leſs for lightning mine?

If I have loſt my *Path*, Great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamp of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*, the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err; I grope; I die.

Diſcloſe thy Sun-beams; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why dost thou hide thy face? happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding: which is become my perfection! My God thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire; thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou maist teach me to importune; seem'st not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all quickning Eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our Souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that Eye.

VIII.

O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier. 9. 1. 196

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of tears, that I might weep Day and Night.

O That mine Eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to Seas! my ſighs into a ſtorm
Of Zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel laden with her Sin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſplit
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd Soul may ſit
Orewelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, Drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt Iſle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackiſh tears inſtead of Blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warm with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſtreams, and reek to Death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribling Eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe
And hourly fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop:
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of Snow,
Inſtead of Earth; and Bones of Ice, that ſo,

Feeling the fervor of my Sin; and loathing
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moons in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, brought'ſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done,
What was there? Ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: alas, and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting time; a furniſh'd Pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen Griefs, and Soul tormenting Cares:
A vale of tears; a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broacht, to be drawn out by Death:
A hapleſs helpleſs thing; that, born does cry
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe Eye, ſpent drops ſo often
For me that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or, if the muſick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning Ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine Eye;
Or give me vent, or elſe I burſt, and die.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Pſal. 118.

He that commits Sins to be wept for, cannot weep for Sins committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of Sin, and the Worlds Sacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears,
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

The sortowes of hell haue encompassed me the snares of death haue ouertaken me [illegible]

IX.

PSALM 18. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of Death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Limn'd full to th' life? Didſt ever hear the ſounds
The Muſick, and the lip divided breaths
Of the ſtrong winded Horn, Rechears, and deaths,
Done more exact? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſs purliews? and the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' Eye?
The new-drawn net, and her entangled Prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtriſe
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe purliew men are Devils? and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations and the Game the Fiends purſue,
Are humane Souls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying,
The skilful Hunter plants his net cloſe lying
On th' unſuſpected Earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the Soul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown the Soul's enſnar'd.

Poor

Poor Soul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay: these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If go: the snares encloſe, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad World has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Gueſt? wherein can Earth delight thee?
Here pleaſures are but itch: Her wealth, but Cares:
A World of Dangers, and a World of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares ſurround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy dyet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; Snares in thy doubt,
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without,
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath,
Snares in thy ſickneſs, Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe purliews be ſo full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the worlds ſole ſov'raign Ranger,
Preſerve thy Deer, and let my Soul be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the ſnares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares, for the Eye of the harlot is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he ſets before us Gluttony; in generation, luxury: in labour, ſluggiſhneſs: in converſing, envy: in governing, covetouſneſs: in correcting, anger: in honour, pride: in the heart, he ſets evil thoughts: in the mouth, evil words: in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions: when aſleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 6.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth:
My Soul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:
Hell has her hounds: Earth, ſnares, the Sea a ſhelf;
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelf.

X.

X.

Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight &c.

X

X.

PSALM 143. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy Servant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

Jeſus. *Juſtice.* *Sinner.*

Jeſ. BRing forth the pris'ner, Juſtice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt Judge: See here the pris'ner ſtands.
Jeſ. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cauſe
Of his commitment? *Juſt.* He hath broken the laws
Of his too gracious God; conſpir'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath,
And heaps tranſgreſſion, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion.
Jeſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confeſ-
His ſins are crying; and they cry'd aloud! (ſion:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for Blood.
Jeſ. What ſayſt thou ſinner? haſt thou ought to plead,
That Sentence ſhould not paſs? hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and baſe
To tread upon the Earth, much more, to lift
Mine Eyes to heav'n; I need no other ſhrift
Than mine own conſcience; Lord I muſt confeſs,
I am no more than duſt, and no whit leſs
Than my indictment ſtiles me; Ah, if thou
Search too ſevere, with too ſevere a brow,
What fleſh can ſtand; I have tranſgreſt thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cauſe:

Juſt.

Juſt. Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay:
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay?
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious Image, and at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay,
Speak ſinner: haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy*; Lord my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the World, and flee
From Lord to *Jeſus*; from thy ſelf, to thee,
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abuſed Mercy muſt have Blood for Blood:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting Blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch? Methinks, I ſpie
My Fathers Image in the priſ'ners Eye.
Juſt. I cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear Soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My Soul ſhall ſmart; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundleſs deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to ſet th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayeſt damn me; thou haſt not loſt that whereby thou mayſt ſave me: Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed againſt a guilty Soul, but remember thy Mercy towards a miſerable wretch: forget the inſolence of the provoker, and behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my Sins have done againſt thee: My fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to Mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my Judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.

Let not the water flood overflow me neither let the deep swallow me up
Ps 69-15

XI.

PSALM 69. 15.

Let not the Water-floods overflow me, neither let the deeps ſwallow me up.

THe World's a Sea; my fleſh a Ship that's man'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and ſteer'd by reaſons hand;
My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby ſhe ſails;
My looſe affections are the greater Sails
The Top-ſail is my Fancie, and the Guſts
That fill theſe wanton ſheets, are worldly Luſts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whoſe end appears
The Anchor hope, nev'r ſlip'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconſtant Pilot, that commands
The ſtagg'ring Keel; my Sins are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My Conſcience is the Plummet that doth preſs
The deeps, but ſeldom cries, *A fathom leſs:*
Smooth Calm's ſecurity; the Gulf, deſpair;
My Fraught's corruption, and this Life's my fair:
My Soul's the Paſſenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing Port is Heaven.
My Seas are ſtormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Sailers rude; my Steers-man faint and weak:
My Canvas torn, it ſtaps from ſide to ſide;
My Cable's crackt, my Anchor's ſlightly ty'd,
My Pilot's craz'd, my ſhipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd;
My Calm's deceitful; and my Gulf too near;
My Wares are ſlubber'd, and my Fare's too dear:
My Plummet's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O ſhall my Rock-bethreamed Soul be drown'd;

Lord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm;
Inſtruct my Sailours, guide my Stearmans arm:
Touch thou my Compaſs, and renew my Sails,
Send ſtiffer courage or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my Cable; bind my Anchor faſter;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew:
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-ſands lie;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with Care;
Cleanſe thou my fraught; accept my ſlender Fare.
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His Voyage; land him in his wiſhed Port:
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'el way,
Say to my Soul, be ſafe, and then mine Eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by.
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will ſave.

S. AMBROS

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſts makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſea-faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. 35.

We labour in a boyſterous Sea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers: Give us Grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port ſecure.

EPIG. 11.

My Soul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger;
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave and hide me until thy furie be past. Job. 14.

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret until thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I flie; what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind ſea will hide
My head from thunder? Where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What, if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of Night?
Alas, no ſhades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my Soul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſart? if ſhe ſpring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What, if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted Soul? Can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor ſilent Deſarts, nor the ſullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The Seas will part, Graves open, Rocks will ſplit;
The Shiled will cleave; the frighted ſhadows flit;
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee: 'tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand until that hand forbear;
Ah me! Where is he not, that's every where?

'Tis vanity to fly; till gentle Mercy ſhew
Her better Eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous Child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry Mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming Eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here blow;
Thou art my Fortreſs, though thou ſeem'ſt my foe;
'Tis thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke, muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
If not to thee, where? Whither ſhould I go?

Then work thy will? If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no further than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 33.

whither flie I? To what place can I ſafely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what ſtrong Houſe? What Caſtle ſhall I hold? What walls ſhall hold me? Whither ſoever I go, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conſcience: Whereſoever O Lord I go, I find thee, If angry, a Revenger; if appeaſed, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee? That thou maiſt avoid thy God, addreſs thee to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My Soul make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may bewail my selfe a little. Job: 10. 20.

XIII.

JOB 10. 20.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſs is half unſpent; Forbear t' arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my Glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand Years are but a day?

My following Eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift:

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Child-hood, Man-hood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a Life? A blaſt ſuſtain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile ſelf-lothing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; hour eats up hour;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial, Night will blind too ſoon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton Ears
With frantick mirth; I beg but hours, not Years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that Soul which would be rather led!
That *Sted* has yet not broke my ſerpents head;
O ſhall I die before my Sins are dead?

Behold theſe rags; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, unſirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that find ſupplies
From the deep Fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous Eyes.

I have a World of Sins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUG. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth is daily made leſs and leſs, in ſo much that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to Death.

S. GREG. lib. 9. cap. 44. 10. Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; in ſo much that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwelling up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EGIP. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of Sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy Sins?

XIV.

XIV.

O h ỹ they were wise, then they would understand this; they would Consider their latter end.
Druteron: 32: 29.

XIV.

DEUTERONOMY 32. 29.

O that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my Sisters Eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that Optick glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled Eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the objects near.
Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that Glass present before thine Eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his Light, the battlements of Heav'n
Shelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
I see a Brimstone Sea of boyling fire,
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor Souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame tormented tongues for pain.
Look, Sister, how the queazy-stomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

Scall'd

Scall'd their conſumeleſs bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhows t' affright:
Look in this glaſs triangular; look here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The World in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora's* Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand turn't upſide down;
Here maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious Eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toyes,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true, thoſe future joyes!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts beſool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſs!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to beſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joyes bewray.
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſs, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONAVENT.

S. BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee; Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Underſtand three things, the multitude of Sins, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſs of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of Death, the laſt judgment, and Eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still Batcheleur of Senſe?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XV.

My life is spent with grief and my yeares with sighing Ps: 30: 10:

XV.

XV.

PSALM 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHat ſullen Star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of Mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious Light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of Night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe than night, night worſe than day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpiti'd, groan without relief,
There is no end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it growes
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſowes:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an hour:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by thy common lot,
And being born to die; why die I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deni'd the eaſie priviledge of Death?
The branded ſlave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd, his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt obſerver of our flying hours,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings.
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? Or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? If not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red Soul; then would my Soul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my waſtful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death;
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thrones
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine Eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of mans condition; the sinful progress of mans conversation, the damnable egress in mans dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: He doth evil things, which are not lawful; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

Thy heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is Groans and Tears:
Plead not; usurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'rest as the Principal.

My ſoule hath coueted to deſire thy iudgments. pſal: 119.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. 7. 23.

I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of Sin.

1.

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!
I know not where to fix, sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I would not.
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not.

2.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppress't
With th' Earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly tost from East to West
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driven upon these slipp'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods:
My life's a troubled Sea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

3.

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n so my pregnant Soul in th' Infant bud
Of her best thoughts showrs down a coal black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

4.

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill Soul, and ſets my thoughts in frame;
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtful *Cupid*'s much inferiour flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt deſire
Conſum'd between that heavn'ly and this earthly fire.

5.

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts out paſs
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion's Eagle ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my Soul deſire but of deſiring thee.

S. BERNARD.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting Divine counſel cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf; and whileſt it divers ways ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. AUGUST. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.

EPIG. I.

My Soul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cauſe
Can ne'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II.

Oh that my wayes were directed to keepe thy ſtatutes. pſal. 119. 5

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my wayes were directed to keep thy Statutes.

1.

THus I, the object of the Worlds disdain,
With Pilgrim pace surround the weary Earth:
I only relish what the World counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my errour:
Her freedom is my gaol; and her delight my terrour.

2.

Fond Earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my Prison and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3.

The World's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous wayes
are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders:
No resting here; He's hurried back that stayes
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heaven.

4.

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier;
Where if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where

5.

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lanthorn will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſs without a Guide;
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6.

An unrequeſted Star did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſe-men to a greater Light;
Back-ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by Day, by Night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers which be farr
More great than theirs, I have no Pillar, Cloud, nor
(Star.

7.

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the empty Aire;
Mine Eyes being ſeal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward Eyes ſhould ne'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of *Salt*.

8.

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine Eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his heavenly Light my Clue.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſs, errour, vanity nor Death: the Light, without which there is darkneſs; the Way, without which there is wandring; the truth without which there is errour; the Life, without which there is Death: Say, Lord, let there be Light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſs; I ſhall ſee the way and avoid wandring; I ſhall ſee the Truth, and ſhun errour; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape Death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind Soul, which ſitteth in darkneſs, and the ſhadow of Death: and direct my feet in thy way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy Soul complain,
Crowns thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

III.

Stay my steppes in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

III.

PSALM 17. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1.

WHen ere the old Exchange of profit rings
Her Silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My Merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to flie.

2.

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful Soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthning pleasure
Can lend my bed-rid Soul both legs and leisure.

3.

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My Soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and screw a thousand cringes.

4.

But when I come to Thee, my God that art
The Royal Mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to flie, nor Legs to go.

So

5.

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convey
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry lay
Without the blaſt or tug, of wind, or oar;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the Silver foame
With eaſe; So facil is the way from home.

6.

But when the home bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her Tide's extream:
Each ſtroke is loſs, and every tug is vain:
A Boat lengths purchaſe is a league of pain.

7.

Great all in all that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy Child, O teach thy Child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be always diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: Always add, always walk, always proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: He that ſtandeth ſtill proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not always got by running:
Thy Thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to go.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Psal. 119. 120.

W. M. fecit.

IV.

PSALM 119. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know vengeance seldom plays
To be too froward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a plot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the set:
Prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious Eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy Gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The Worlds great Dice are false; sometimes they go
Extreamly high, sometimes extreamly low:
Of her Gamesters he that plays the leaft,
Lies most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a Servant to the Crown of fear;

Fear is the Primmer of a Gameſters skill:
Who fears not Bad ſtands moſt unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that's wiſely fear'd, is half withſtood;
And fear of Bad is the beſt foyl to Good:
True Fear's th' *Elixir*, which in daies of old
Turn'd Leaden Croſſes into Crowns of Gold:
The Worlds the Tables; Stakes, Eternal life;
The Gameſters, Heav'n and I; Unequal ſtrife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indiſpoſed Life: this Life's the Game;
My Sins are ſev'ral Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unſhap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careleſs Blots are many;
And yet thou paſſeſt by, and hit'ſt not any:
Thou art too ſtrong; and I have none to guide me:
With the leaſt jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conqueſt undeſerving Thee,
To win a ſtake from ſuch a Worm as me:
I have no more to loſe; If we perſever,
'Tis loſt; and that once loſt I'm loſt for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too ſevere,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has paſt her date:
Whoſe blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BEER.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace; and to regain Grace, as always to be found before God not otherwise, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for lost Grace, a greatest fear to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. super Psal.

Present fear begetteth Eternal security: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
Our Sins breath fire, that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutes to perfect Good from perfect Ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least thay behold vanite. psal: 118.

V.

PSALM 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

1.

HOW like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My Soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like Flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd Soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the Eternal Law
Is baffled by the Law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the Laws of Flesh and Blood!

3.

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next days sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4.

How intricate and nice
Mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the Ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5.

The common food he doth
Sustain his Soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is Honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sowre.

6.

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while?
Hells torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7.

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the Fruits of Earths employment;
Which e're they be enjoy'd,
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8.

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And every minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine Eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminatest both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto those Eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto those blind Eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto those which turn away their Eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto those that turn away their Eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Mat. 19.

What is the evil Woman but the Enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good.

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God, to close mine Eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still:
My rambling heart must covenant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine Eye and me.

VI.

If I haue found fauour in thy sight, let my life be giuen mee at my petition. Ester. 7. 3

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the Great *Aſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti's* the corrupted will,
Which being call'd, refuſes to fulfil
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City's, the regen'rate Soul:
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial Honours in ſtout *Vaſhti's* place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman's* glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
His luſtful-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till Royal *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious Eyes; and let thy Beams of honour
So ſcour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy Object of thy Heavenly love:

Anoint

Anoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſs of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And ſet thy Royal Crown upon her head:
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecai*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilful ſtifneſs of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould prefer a grone
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy Golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy Royal *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtful *Haman*; him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf-gibbet that himſelf prepar'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt,
On that dear Croſs that mine own luſts have built.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: Counsel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The Spirit lusts where the flesh resteth: For as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the Spirit refreshed with sowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy Spirit? Then let thy Spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, so is that thou maist govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Justice is thy Kingdom built;
This plagues my Sin; and that removes my guilt;
When ere I sue, *Asuerus* like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Half my Kingdome's thine.

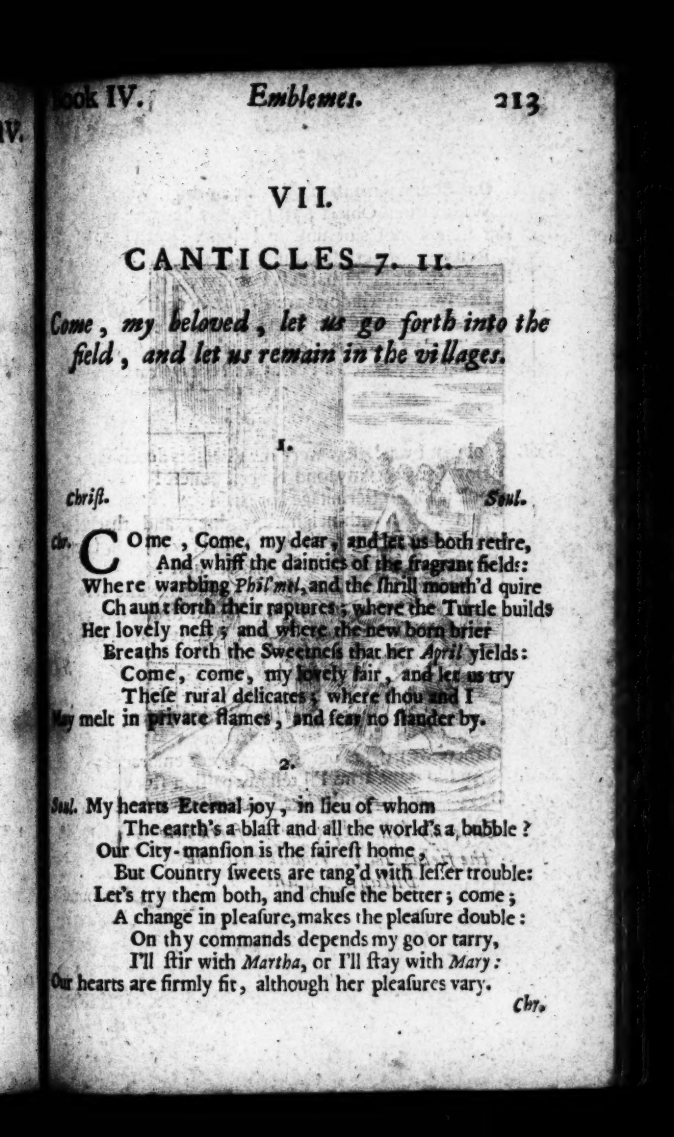
VII.

Come my beloved let us goe forth into the fields, let us remaine in the villages. Cant: 7. 11.

VII.

CANTICLES 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.



1.

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, Come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Philomel*, and the shrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lovely nest; and where the new born brier
Breaths forth the Sweetness that her *April* yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no slander by.

2.

Soul. My hearts Eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast and all the world's a bubble?
Our City-mansion is the fairest home,
But Country sweets are tang'd with lesser trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure, makes the pleasure double:
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll stir with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fit, although her pleasures vary.

Chr.

3.

Christ. Our Country-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Object, ſtill renews delight:
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd Ivory:
Her walls of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titans faint rays, or *Vulcan's* feeble fire;
And eve'ry Gate's a Pearl; and every Pearl, entire.

4.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an Hermitage but pav'd
And daub'd with neighbr'ing dirt, and thacht at beſt;
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates that feels the curb of dull delay.

5.

Chr. Come then, my Joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our Souls in ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my paſſion ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all theſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial *Manna*
I'll be thy *Elkana*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
Christ. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll reſound
Hoſanna.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

O blessed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed Solitude, the Magazine of Celestial Treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where Martha *still complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick Soul, thou must not only do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair Sisters vary;
But most, when *Martha's* reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

VIII.

Draw me we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good Ointments. Cant: 1:3.

VIII.

CANTICLES 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the savour of thy good Oyntments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted Mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was:
And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd worm that never dies.
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking *Laz'rus* compound or strive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raise it, or it self restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and Blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the least degree.
A! If but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the Porter please t'inform the clay:
Or some strong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher:
That proves a vessel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* must revive, and th' *Ax* must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or Echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled Body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inspire
My liveless Will with thy regen'rate fire;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the power to will, the Will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but meerly to resist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list!

My Soul's a Clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust) wants vigour to fulfil
Her twelve hours task, and shew her makers skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work; and therefore good,
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy Blood,
And wind it up with thy Soul-moving keys,
Her busie wheels shall serve thee all her days; (praise.
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy Ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies; for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth Mercy. O let thy Mercy return, and we will run: Thou, like a Gyant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy Ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand:
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with blood;
If now thy wheels stand still thou art not good,

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant: 8. 220.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my Mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee.

1.

COme, come, my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herod*'s fury, or the High-Prieſts harms:
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſs,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſs.

2.

But ah; what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face, as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more Mines of treaſure
Than there be *Myriads* in the days of *Ceſar*.

3.

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew by birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not ſought to paddle
In thy dear Blood; but proſtrate on the Earth
Had vail'd his Crown before thy Royal Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his glory down,
And begg'd a Heavenly for an Earthly Crown.

4.

Illuſtrious Babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! how doſt thou decline
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Spirit, and aſſume my fleſh!

5.

But muſt the treaſon of a traitour's *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſs of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alabaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and ſlurts of baſe diſdain?

6.

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprings that twine
So faſt about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and muſt theſe brows reſign
Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt the bleſſed infant taſte the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs; nay worſe, be ſlain?

7.

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a Sin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſs lets a javelin flie;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſs;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſs.

BONA VENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Chap. 1.

O ſweet Jeſu, I knew not that thy kiſſes were ſo ſweet, nor thy ſociety ſo delectable, nor thy attraction ſo virtuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaſte; whin I receive thee, I am a Virgin: O moſt ſweet Jeſu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanſe; thy attraction polluteth not but ſanctifieth: O Jeſu the fountain of univerſal ſweetneſs, pardon me that I believed ſo late, that ſo much ſweetneſs is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greateſt: let not *Atlas* boaſt:
Impartial Reader, judge which bears the moſt:
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms ſuſtain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth; I sought him but I found him not.
Cant: 3:1. 234.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him whom my Soul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THE learned Cynick having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this Dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought:
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The Wiſe-mens task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſe-men did by Star-light ſeek the Sun,
And found: the Wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing he hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould; nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe Soul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted Soul to this my widow'd bed,
To ſeek my lover, whom my Soul deſires?
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed of Night,
To find that greater by this leſſer Light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt groans lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Ah, how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my Soul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy abſent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear;
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine Eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour, it is not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble Light
Of Natures candle, our Egyptian Night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee,
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'l never part, I'll ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM in Protolog. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every where, why do I not see thee present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? Or how shall I have access to Light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me, nor find thee, unless thou shew thy self to me: Let me seek thee, in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'Tis vain to seek him there: My Soul be wise;
Go ask thy sin's; they'll tell thee, where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now and goe about ȳ cittie in ȳ Streetes and in ȳ broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth. etc: Cant: 3. 2. 228

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will rise, and go about the City, and will seek him, whom my Soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1.

O How my disappointed Soul's perplext!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled brest!
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crosly vext
With fears! And how betwixt them both distrest!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go seek the Author of my rest?
Of what bless'd Angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire?

2.

Look how the stricken Hart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping Eyes
Beg silent Mercy from the following Hounds;
At length, emboss't, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping Soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned ears
Leave me th' unransom'd Priz'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3.

Where have my busie Eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I search'd this glorious City; he's not here:
I sought the Country; she stands empty handed;
I search'd the Court; he is a stranger there:
I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea; he's landed:
I climb'd the air; my thoughts began t' aspire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,
Soaring too near the Sun, were sindg'd with sacred fire.

4.

I mov'd the Merchant's ear; alas, but he
Knew neither what I said, nor what to say.
I ask'd the Lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the Schoolman: his advice was free,
But soor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the Watch-man (best of all the four)
Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple door.

5.

Thus having sought, and made my great inquest
In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest
Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear,
Where looking down into my troubled breast,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and shew their sportful Art,
I wish to catch the Hare before she start,
As Potchers use to do; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: For Christ is Peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is Justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is Charity, in the market is slander: Christ is Faith, in the market is fraud: Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: He will not have thy face seen: Let foolish Virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What lost thy love? will neither bed not board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coast;
I fear, I fear, my Soul, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.

Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth? it was but a little I passed from them but I found him whom my Soule loveth I held him &c. Cant: 3.4

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3.

Have you seen him whom my Soul loveth? when I hast a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1.

WHat ſecret corner? What unwonted way
Has ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought,
Whilſt they lamented, abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2.

How had my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion;
How often have I languiſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compaſſion!
I ask'd the City-watch, but ſome deny'd me
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide me,
Some would debar me; ſome, divert me; ſome, deride me.

3.

Mark how the widow'd Turtle, having loſt
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks every ſhade doth part
Her abſent Love, and her; at length unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting Widow-head.

4.

So when my Soul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His landskip ioys; my pickled Eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of Briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5.

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting Soul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine Eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought:
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of Light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd Night;
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my Souls delight.

6.

O how mine Eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun-ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! how my Soul diſſolv'd with o'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire?
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt ——
But who can preſs thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7.

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine,
Nev'r cling'd their leſs beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhaft;
Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord! and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble Spirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath attained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'l flie perchance, where tears can never find him.
New Sins will loſe, what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to the Lord, I have put my trust in ye Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

XIII.

PSALM 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wise-men please to call
The chiefest? Doth there any such befal
Within mans reach? or is there such a Good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing higher:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for it self, on which all other Goods depend.

What may this Excellent be? doth it subsist
A real Essence clouded in the midst
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry Eye that list?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edg, and keep the practick Soul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick dust, or puzling Quadrature?

Where shall I seek this? Where shall I find
This Cath'lick pleasure, whose extreams may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in Treasure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammon*'s griping hand infold
His sacred Saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

No, no; she lies not there; wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae*'s showers.

Lives she in honour? no. The Royal Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? no. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earth's uncertain stage;
Begins the Play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

These, these are Bastard goods; the best of these
Torment the Soul with pleasing it, and please
Like water's gulp'd in feavers with deceitful ease.

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes,
Alas, can Earth confer more good than Earth possesses?

Mount, mount my Soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earth's vain delights, and make the full cariere
At Heav'ns eternal joys; stop, stop, thy Courser there.

There shall thy Soul possess uncareful treasure,
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure:
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call
For Earths inferiour trash; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I pursue that, but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good, in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burthen of the day: let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blasts, and *Neptunes* waves be join'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the Rocks or Worlds imperious waves:
Thou climb'st a rock (my Soul) a rock that saves.

XIV.

I sat vnder the shadow of him whom I have desired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

1.

LOok how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her Shepherds Eyes,
Ertsoon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleagring flies;
Where sweltered with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies
From her own self, ev'n of her self afraid;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the Mercy of the soft removing shade.

2.

Ev'n so my wandring Soul, that hath digrest
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my Sins. These vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day;
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The Eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring Soul: My Soul hath oft assai'd,
Yet she can find no shroud, but she can feel no shade,

I sought

3.

I sought the shades of Mirth, to wear away
My slow pac'd hours of Soul consuming grief;
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a nights reprief;
I sought the shades of death: thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bowrs;
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4.

Where shall I turn? To whom shall I apply me?
Are there no streams where a faint Soul may wade?
Thy God-head, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a shade,
Where I may sit and vengeance never Eye me;
Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting Soul, the subject of thy wraths reflexion?

5.

Look up, my Soul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble Eye:
See here's a shadow found: The humane nature
Is made th' Umbella to the Deity,
To catch the Sun-beams of thy just Creator:
Beneath this covert thou maist safely lie:
Permit thine Eyes to climb this fruitful Tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

GUIL.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Juſtice? Who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Juſtice took fleſh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane Body a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my Soul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous Soul, would'nor thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange Land. 244.

XV.

PSALM 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange Land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſuite
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the Child of Mirth; where griefs aſſail
The Troubled Soul, both voice, and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravel out their laviſh dayes,
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupids* Hoſpital, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling Eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile;
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling Eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorciſe.
The Ravens diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty Wolves mixt with the ſcreech of Owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's muſick for theſe times;
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; no, theſe are no times to ſing.
Can hide-bound Priſ'ners, that have ſpent their Souls,
And famiſh'd bodies in the noiſome holes
Of hell black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad Pilgrim, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage King,
Rouze up his palſie ſmitten Spirits, and ſing?
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Priſ'ner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleaſant or my hand,
Thus made a Priſ'ner to a foreign land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your ears,
That cannot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpel
My poor *Eurydice*, my Soul, from Hell
Of Earths miſconſtru'd Heaven, O then my breaſt
Should warble airs, whoſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of Seraphins, and entertain
Heav'ns higheſt Deity with their loſty ſtrain,
A ſtrain well drench'd in the true Theſpian Well,
Till then, Earths Semiquaver, mirth, Farewel.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness and inutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: But we prest down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by Faith; not face to face: but those Angelical Spirits praise thee face to face, and not by Faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to Sing? said I these times
Were not for songs? not musick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

XVI.

XVI.

I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye finde my beloved, ye tell him I am sicke of love. Cant. 5. 8. 248

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

1.

YOU holy Virgins, that so oft surround
The cities Sapphire walls, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground
And trace the new Jerusalems Jasper street;
Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to spie
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his Eye.

2.

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly musick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the solemn Faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his Eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

3.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my Soul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest; tell him he's unkind:
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his Ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My Soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;
Tell him those damask roses, that did strive
With white, both fade, upon my fallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a sigh, give ore
To speak; and tell him Tell him, that I could no more.

5.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouze
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his Eye,
Then urge his plighted Faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die:
O blessed Virgins how my passion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond desires!
Heav'n never shot such flames, Earth never felt such fires.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I go? Where ſhall I ſeek him? Or when ſhall I find him? Whom ſhall I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of Love?

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my Soul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.

Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of loue Cant. 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am ſick with love.

1.

O Tyrant love! how doth thy ſov'reign pow'r
Subject poor Souls to thy imperious thrall:
They ſay, thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſower;
They ſay, thy diet's hony mixt with gall;
How comes it then to paſs, theſe lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taſt no ſweet at all?
O Tyrant love! Shall our perpetual toil,
Ne'r find a Sabbath to refreſh a while (ſmile?
Our drooping Souls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a

2.

You bleſſed Maids of honour that frequent
The Royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my Spirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they will ſweeten my unſav'ry hours;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3.

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
Which Ætna-like inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it every apple I deſire,
Nor that which pleaſes every palate beſt:
'Tis not the laſting Deuzan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I requeſt;
Nor that which firſt beſhrew'd the name of wife,
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4.

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Flora*'s Magazine;
The purple violet and the pale fac'd Lily;
The pancy and the organ columbine;
The flowring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
The bluſhing roſe, the queen of flowers, and beſt
Of *Flora*'s beauty; but above the reſt,
Let *Jeſſes* ſovereign flower perfume my qualming breaſt.

5.

Haſte, Virgins, haſte, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant;
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit;
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I ſmell this flower, or taſt that fruit;
Go, Virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
O, how my Soul ſhall bleſs that happy hour,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flower.

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſs, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy ſeaver, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the Soul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers underſtand Faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſom is before the fruit, ſo is Faith before good works: So neither is the Fruit without the flower, nor good works without Faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my Soul? Can they remove,
The pangs of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the Lilies.

1.

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having rang'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in Silver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my beſt beloved's am; ſo he is mine.

2.

Ev'n ſo we met; and after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we joyn'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united Souls did more then twine;
So I my beſt-beloved's am; ſo he is mine.

3.

If all thoſe glirt'ring Monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The World's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4.

Nay more; if the fair Thespian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure:
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minutes lease of half my pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by Oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by Faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by Water; I am his by wine;
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

6.

He is my Altar; I, his holy Place;
I am his guest; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by Blood;
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

7.

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of dayes:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his Temples with a Crown of Praise,
Which he accepts as an ev'rlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my Soul ſtampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, ſeek him that ſeeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented, being the cauſe of thy love: Be careful with thoſe that are careful, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chooſe this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away remaineth only faithful to thee: In the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my Soul: what? loſt and found?
Welcom'd, eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the Croſs, and then came down
To th' gates of Hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown.

IV.

I am my beloveds. & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me.

1.

Like to the Attick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down, from side to side
And restless bears his crystal'd Iv'ry case,
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved brest.

2.

Ev'n so my Soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at Night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now soyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the Worlds delights to be
But empty toyes, good God, she points alone to thee.

V. But

3.

But hath the virtued ſteel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright;
Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?
O hath my leaden Soul the art t' improve
Her waſted talent, and unrais'd, aſpire
In this ſad moulding time of her deſire?
Not firſt belov'd have I the power to love;
I cannot ſtir, but as thou pleaſe to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4.

The ſtill commandreſs of the ſilent Night
Borrows her beams from her bright Brothers Eye;
His fair aſpect fills her ſharp horns with Light,
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Even ſo the beams of her enlightning Sp'rit
Inſus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire,
Inflame my thoughts and fill my Soul with fire,
That I am raviſh'd with a new delight;
But if thou ſhroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of ſhades.

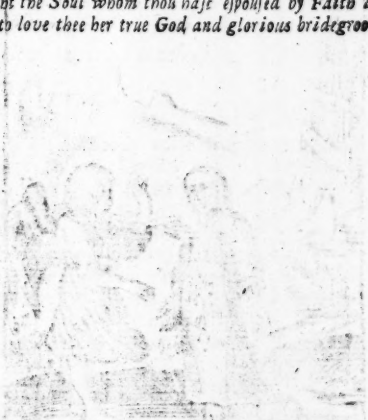
5.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
The ſacred Fountain of Eternal Light,
And bleſſed Load-ſtone of my better part,
O thou my hearts deſire, my Souls delight,
Reflect upon my Soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee;
And then my Soul ſhall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart
From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 25.

If Man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the others absence? if a bride can be joyned to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the Soul whom thou hast espoused by Faith and compassion, to love thee her true God and glorious bridegroom?



EPIG. 4.

My Soul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours Blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5 6

Will: Simpson Scul.

V.

CANTICLES 5. 6.

My Soul melted whileſt my Beloved ſpake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of fleſh and Blood
The power to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted Mercy? or the ſtrength t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop or ſnatch a falling Thunder-bolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and in ſtead
Of viols pour full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſh'd Ravens cry,
And move thy Mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of dropping ſhow'rs?
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas, what marvel then, great God what wonder
If thy Hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The brazen portals of Eternal Death;
What number if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from the infernal ſhades of Night,
Could melt my raviſh'd Soul with ore-delight?
I can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun?
Methinks his language like a flaming arrow,
Both pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow,

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſs of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart, that feels theſe melting joys,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghil Earth? What Soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and Blood
Had rancor to deviſe? Who would not bear
The Worlds deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of Light in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſins have made.
Whoſe narrow melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear?
Diſperſe this plague diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy Soul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away:
Then, then my fluent Soul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reign balſome, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy Soul.

S. AUGUST

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmeth my heart? What Light is this that ſo enlightneth my Soul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goeſt out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn? How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine? How deſiderably doſt thou inflame me?

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, Eternal, Mortal, immortal; it maketh an Enemy a Friend; a Servant, a Son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My Soul thy gold is true, but full of droſs;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with ſome loſs:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted ere thou art caſt anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee: & what desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 73

VI.

PSALM 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what desire I on Earth in respect of thee.

1.

I Love (and have some cause to love:) the Earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurse; she gives me food;
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my Mother, or my Nurse to me?

2.

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping Soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shril-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my Soul withal, compar'd to thee?

3.

I love the Sea: She is my fellow-Creature,
My careful purveyour; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me?

4.

To Heav'ns high City I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine Eye;
Mine Eye, by contemplations great Atturney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie:
But what is Heav'n, great God, compar'd to Thee?
Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5.

Without thy presence Earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence Air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence Heav'n it self's no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6.

The highest honour, that the World can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that Earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms if compar'd to thee.

7.

Without thy presence, Wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; Joy, disquiet sadness:
Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compar'd with thee.

8.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of thee

BONAV.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

Alas! my God, now I underſtand (but bluſh to confeſs) that the beauty of thy Creatures hath deceived mine Eyes, and I have not obſerved that thou art more amiable than all thy Creatures; to which thou haſt communicated but one drop of thy inclinable beauty: for who hath adorned the Heavens with ſtars? who hath ſtored the Air with Fowl, the waters with Fiſh, the Earth with Plants and Flowers! But what are all theſe but a ſmall ſpark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, becauſe I have Chriſt; Having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, he is the univerſal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And ſcorn this droſs within him; that without him?
Caſt up (my Soul) thy clearer Eye; Behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.

O wretched Man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death
Rom: 7 24.

VII.

PSALM 120. 5.

Woe is to me, that I remain in Meſheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar.

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? doth times glaſs ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetual Clock? will't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or ſick,
With very Age? or hath that great Pair-royal
Of Adamantine Sifters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? ſhall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? ſhall my weary arms infold,
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſpun thred, that my impriſon'd Soul
May be deliver'd from thus dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But e're that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madneſs makes the World afraid
To entertain Heav'ns joy, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of Death? will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of Robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruſe
That brought them? or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of Gold, becauſe the bringers black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand Deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the Soul a thousand lives:
O frantick mortal, how hath Earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlam Soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! Delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weeps fearful tears!
Tears coyn deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at Night we weep as fast:
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow,
In what a climate doth my Soul reside?
Where palefac'd murther, the first born of pride,
Sets up her Kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles;
A land, where each embroyd'red sattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Astræa*'s balance; where that hand
Now slayes his Brother, that new sow'd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soyl! Lord, how my Soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
These long'd for joys, long'd for so oft in vain!
If *Moses* like I may not live possest
Of this fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. Cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: The further it goeth, the nearer it cometh to Death. A deceitful life, and like a ſhadow full of the ſnares of Death: Now I rejoice, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtraight I die; now I ſeem happy, always miſerable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are ſubject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one eſtate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy without which there is no joy, when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An hour of travel for a Night of reſt?
Chear up my Soul: call home thy ſp'rits, and bear
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd Eaſter's near.

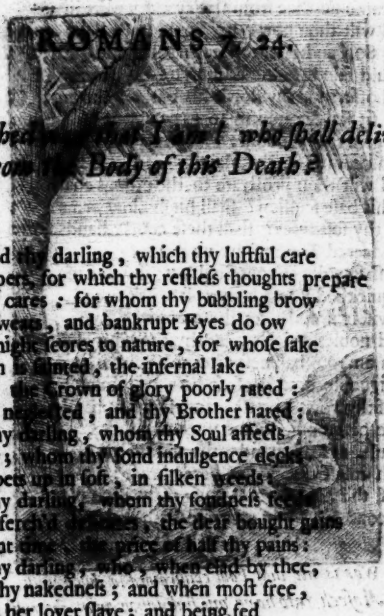
VII

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: & to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar: Psal: 120. 4.

VIII.

ROMANS 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death?



Behold thy darling, which thy luftful care
Pampers, for which thy reftleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cares: for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt Eyes do ow
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe Earth is ſainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the Crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy Brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy Soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondneſs feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead,
What mean'ſt thou thus, my poor deluded Soul,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of Royal Blood; remember thou art sworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a costly price was given
To ransome thee from slav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my Soul, turn slave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE.
Would fain become a suter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his Fathers throne,
To sit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'l give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things
Transcending far the Majesty of Kings:
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
Hug thy soft sides? shall these course hands untie
The sacred Zone of thy virginity?
For shame degen'rous Soul, let thy desire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious Eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baseness; let thy Soul disdain
Th'ignoble profers of so base a swain;
Or if thy vows be past, and Hymens bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiency, or percontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maist thou plead
A second Freedom; or the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this Body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, afflicteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow servant, and hate as an utter Enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of? before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that House be daub'd with Flesh and Blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two haueing a desire to Depart & to be wth Christ. Phil. 1 23.

IX.

PHILIPPIANS 1. 23.

I am in a ſtraight between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1.

WHAT meant our careful parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh out their ill extended hours,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needleſs Labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure.

2.

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keyes?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſs ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpicious ways
Of law-devis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with Earth, as I.

3.

Were their Souls but clogg'd with Earth, as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch,
They would not take of alms, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the World counts rich;
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4.

I cannot do an act which Earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which Earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which Earth profanes not
I cannot make a vow Earth interprets not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-long'd for throne,
She darkens my complaints, and draggs my offering down.

5.

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock:)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twich, and tuggs her back again.

6.

So, when my Soul directs her better Eye
To Heav'ns bright Palace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my Soul is rack'd betwixt the World and thee!

7.

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain?
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with Spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Ah sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my Soul with the healthful shades of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger after the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
Are they too strong, or is thy arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
My Soul, there's *Aqua fortis* in thine Eyes.

X.

Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise thy Name: Ps: 142. 7. Will Simpson sculp:

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X.

PSALM 142. 7.

Bring my Soul out of Priſon, that I may praiſe thy Name.

MY Soul is like a Bird, my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With ſacred Wine, and Sacramental Bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From pearch to pearch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to Faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and Sings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to Faith, and ſtraight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate Freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and beggs th' untimely date
Of the unexpired thraldom, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary Age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Gov'rns praiſes forth, in ſighs and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to Ced.r, and there chirp and ſing,

In choice of raptures, harmonious ſtory
Of mans Redemption, and his Makers glory:
You glorious Martyrs, you illuſtrious ſtoops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiack ſongs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion
What ſhackle-breaking Faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong Prayer, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
When I, poor I, can ſing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no Ears:
You great partakers of Eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your Souls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh't doth not befit ye
To move your Pray'rs: you love joy, not pitie:)
Great Lord of Souls to whom ſhould pris'ners flie,
But thee? Thou hadſt thy cage, as well as I;
And for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and feltſt them too;
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe days,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he lost? And what hath he found? He hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? That thing is left, by which he is miserable: O wretched men? From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: miserable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterprised? what have I done? Whither did I go? Whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight-voice prevail'd; his musicks thunder
Hahing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sit'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to Sing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after ye Water brooks so panteth my soule after thee O Lord Ps: 42:1

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XI.

PSALM 24. 2.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my Soul after thee, O God.

1.

HOw ſhall my tongue expreſs that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my raviſh'd heart?
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſs deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſs'd by Art!
Let all the Nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task, for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, *Davids* Muſe.

2.

Not as the thirſty ſoil deſires ſoft ſhow'rs
To quicken and refreſh her Embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſt the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: theſe in few Hours,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much defired ſtreams, even ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

Before

3.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd luſts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, ſitting in a Tree,
Hath pierc'd my boſome with a flaming dart;
My Soul being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

4.

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound
The Blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in ſhape a Hound:
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou brak'ſt his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for ſtreams, ev'n ſo did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

5.

If Luſt ſhould chaſe my Soul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtream, whereto my Soul is bound:
Or if a Jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the Balſom that muſt cure my wound,
If Poyſon chance t'infeſt my Soul in fight,
Thou art the Treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboſt, doth flie
To th' ſtreams extremely long'd for, ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

CYRIL

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious Water, which quencheth the noysom thirst of this World, scoureth all the stains of Sinners, that watereth the Earth of our Souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

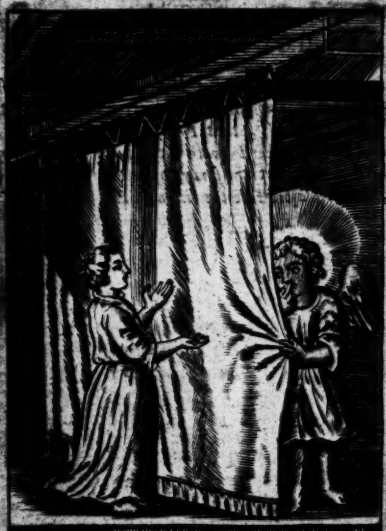
S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry Earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy Mercy; Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs with Water in his weeping Eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: If Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded Heart.

XII.



When shall I come and appeare before the Lord. Ps. 42. 2.

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XII.

PSALM 42. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God?

WHAT is my Soul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? What boots it to be coyn'd
With Heavens own stamp? What vantage can there be
To Souls of Heav'n descended pedigree,
More, than to beasts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? And ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his blessing too? Do they not see
God in his Creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? Hear thee? nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what serves our reason,
But, like dark Lanthorns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no Light,
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-blind sight:
No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'ledge more than sense hath reason then?
What vantage is it to be born, a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain towrs of hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my suspicious Eyes to seek thy face?
How often have I sought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:

If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine Eyes so bold
To seek it? If that object be too bright
For mans aspect why did thy lips invite
Mine Eye t'expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned Eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure,
To view thy gift: Alas, alas that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams Heavens great Light
Gild not the day, what is the day, but Night?
The drouzy shepherd sleeps; flowers droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flowers freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they Sing.
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when shall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian Eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious Eyes;
Or give me Faith; and by the Eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: who made great things is greater than all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: Learn to love the Workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? When ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name.

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of Night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? thou ſeeſt no Light,
But what thy pride doth challenge, as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

XIV.

XIII.

Oh y^t I had ye Wings of a Dove for then I would fly away and be at rest Ps: 55: 8.

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XIII.

PSALM 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at reſt!

1.

AND am I ſworn a dunghil-ſlave for ever
To Earths baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A Night of reſt? ſhall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature bind
My Soul Earths prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of Freedom: muſt I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſoar above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2.

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſcent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves Earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull Soul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from Earth, and clip away!
As wiſe *Aſtræa* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay:

3.

O how my Soul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of Earths painful pleaſure?
O how I'de laugh to ſee men Night and Day
Turmoil, to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Cæſar*!
Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4.

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure, (not;
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5.

No rank mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins. There is no *Cupid*'s bow;
Lord, give my Soul the Milk-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this Earth, and ſoar above
And Heav'ns bleſt Kingdom find, with Heav'ns bleſt King
(Jehove.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire, but the two precepts of love, on which the Law, and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Juſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find theſe wings by love, which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which all things are:

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing Soul, did'ſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of red-croſt Faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt love.

XIV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts my soule longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: Psa: 84: 1

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

Antient of dayes to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That uncontain'd, at once doth fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puz'led quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of Flesh and Blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues are thy expresses courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what Faith alone should see.
Ten thousand Millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angel measured leagues, from th' Eastern shore
Of dungeon-earth this glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed Angels wait to entertain
Those purged Souls, for which the Lamb was slain:
Whose guiltless Death and voluntary yielding
Of whose given life, gave the brave court her building:
The luke-warm Blood of this dear Lamb being spilt;
To rubies turn'd whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a-kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich Sapphires, and did pave her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his Eye balls ray'd,
Grew Chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
And groundsild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of purest Sardonyx.
Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,
Stars ly like pebbles scatt'red on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jasper stone,
Made gravell'd cause-ways to be trampled on.
There shines no Sun by day no Moon by Night,
The Palace glory is the Palace Light:
There is no time to measure motion by,
There Time is swallow'd with Eternity:
Wry-mouth'd Disdain, and corner hunting Lust,
And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Distrust,
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble state Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suspition,
And lumpish Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are banish'd thence, and Death's a stranger there:
But simple Love, and sempiternal Joys
Whose sweetness neither gluts nor fulness cloys;
Where face to face our ravish'd Eye shall see
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
And blessing, love him, and in love possess him,
Here stay my Soul and ravish in Relation:
Thy words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in psal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is Eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity, and Eternal peace, and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the holy Spirit livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is Light without darkness; joy without grief; desire without punishment; Love without sadness; satiety without loathing; safety without Fear; health without disease; and Life without Death.

EPIG. 14.

My Soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is seen but by reflexion:
But would'st thou know what's Heav'n? I'l tell thee what,
Think, what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.

XV.

Make haſt my beloved and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon ye Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8: 14.

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XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haſt, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

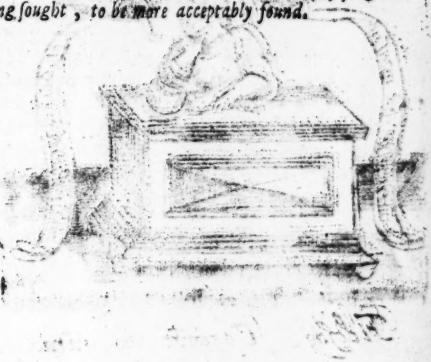
GO, gentle tyraunt, go; thy flames do pierce
My Soul to deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
y marrow melts, my fainting Spirits fry
hi' torrid Zone of thy Meridian Eye:
away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming:
urn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Ro.
t wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
fe of my Soul, Soul of my dying heart,
ithout the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair Eyes?
y Soul doth languiſh, and her ſolace dies,
rt thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to hear
he frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'recome me.
how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
ow ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
ow I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
f pleaſing cruelties too cruel pleaſure!
urn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
anguiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extremes:

Haſt

Haſt then and let thy winged ſteps out go
The fl.ing Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd Eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my Soul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'recome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thy Eye,
I freeze to Death, and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which like a feaver, that my Soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas, I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious, than thou art.
Haſt then and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Ro.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another Death:
My youth is in her ſpring; Autumnal vows
Will make me Riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'l ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'recome me.

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face awhile: all things cooperate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt Light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: He cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing Soul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.



EPIG. 15.

My Soul Sins Monſter, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe;
What would'ſt thou have? nor pleas'd with Sun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

THE

Fidesque Coronat ad aras

THE FAREWEL.

REVELATION 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.

1.

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'tis easie to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For these foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe, that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
Hath born thy slavish load (of alms:)
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for mans belief.

2.

Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To save thy guilty Soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no scape, there was no flying,
But through his deareſt Bloods expence:
Believe, this dying Friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a Friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

With

3.

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate Eyes;
Lord, whet my dull my blunt belief,
And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
That from this Heart, this Hell of grief,
May spring a Heave'n of love and wonder:
O if thy Mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief:
Then weep mine Eyes as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4.

But is the Crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour? can mine Eye
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas, I cannot then endeavour:
I will! but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? thou must persever:
I'l strive till Death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I'l Crown it with a Crown of life.

5.

But is there such a dearth
That thou must buy, what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust
And gave him breath upon condition;
To love his great Creatour, must
He now be thine by composition?

'Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious Child,
And thou a very gracious Father;
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith; and Faith, a Crown of life.

FINIS.

The mind of the Frontiſpiece.

This Bubble's Man: Hope, Fear, falſe Joy and Trouble,
Are thoſe four Winds which daily toſs this Bubble.

Hieroglyphikes
of the life of Man
Fra: Quarles

To the Right Honourable

Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,

and moſt accompliſht Lady

MARY,

COUNTESS of *DORSET*,

Lady Governeſs to the moſt

Illuſtrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of Great *BRITAIN*, and

JAMES,

DUKE of *YORK*.

Excellent Lady

I *Preſent theſe Tapours to burn under the ſafe protection of your Honourable Name: where, I preſume, they ſtand ſecure from the Damps of Ignorance, and Blaſts of*

Cenſure, It is a ſmall part of that abundant ſervice which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodneſs. Be pleaſed to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which ſhall be nothing but what your own eſteem ſhall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhips moſt

humble Servant,

FRA. QUARLES.

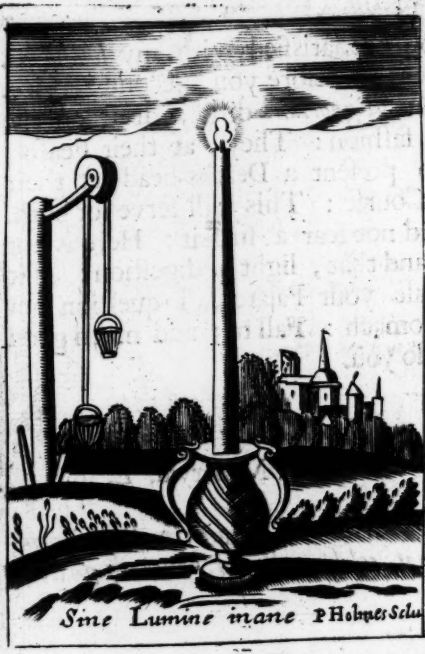
To the Reader.

IF you are ſatisfied with my *Emblems*, I here ſet before you a ſecond Service. It is an *Ægyptian* diſh, dreſt on the *Engliſh* faſhion: They, at their Feaſts, uſed to preſent a Deaths-head at their ſecond Courſe: This will ſerve for both. You need not fear a ſurfeit: Here is but little; and that, light of digeſtion: If it but pleaſe your Palate, I queſtion not your Stomach: Fall to; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem, Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.

PSALM


Sine Lumine inane P Holyer Sculp

PSALM 1. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in Sin did my Mother conceive me.

MAn is mans *A. B. C.* There is none that can
Read God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpell Man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs,
To his Creatour, though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of Light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſt; and when at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft falls to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger,
To this blind way: the Lamps of nature lends
But a falſe Light, and Lights to her own ends:
Theſe be the ways to Heaven, theſe paths require
A Light that ſprings from that Diviner fire,
Whoſe humane Soul-enlightning Sun beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th'immortal part.
And here, thou great Original of Light,
Whoſe errour-chaſing beams do unbenight
The very Soul of darkneſs, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rayes
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practiſe what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Tapour wanting Light:

This

This golden Precept, *Know thy ſelf*, came down
From Heavn's high Court: It was an Art unknown
To fleſh and Blood, The men of Nature took
Great journeys in it: their dim Eyes did look
But through a miſt, like Pilgrims they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but know no journeys end.
The way to knew thy ſelf, is firſt to caſt
Thy frail beginning, Progreſs, and thy laſt:
This is the Sum of Man: But now return
And view this tapour ſtanding in this Urn.
Behold her ſubſtance ſordid and impure,
Uſeleſs and vain, and (wanting light) obſcure:
'Tis but a ſpan at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that ſpan; ordain'd and made to waſt:
Ev'n ſuch was Man (before his Soul gave light
To his vile ſubſtance) a meer child of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his Urn,
And markt for Death; by nature, born to burn:
Thus liveleſs, lightleſs, worthleſs firſt began
That glorious, that perſumptuous thing call'd Man.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy Death, and what thou shalt be after Death: Thou wert made of an impure substance, clothed and nourished in thy Mothers Blood.

ÆGIP. 1.

Forbear, fond Vapour: what thou seek'st, is fire;
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply
He that begins to live, begins to die.

Nescius Vnde

GENESIS 1. 3.

And God said, Let there be Light; and there was Light.

1.

THis flame expecting tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no ſtrength;
Apt to be puſt and quencht at every turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This ſmuff with flame: But mark this hand doth ſhroud
It ſelf from mortal Eyes, and fold it in a cloud.

2.

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finiſht Organs, now poſſeſt
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active Soul, though in a feeble breaſt:
But how, and when infus'd ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the Eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canſt thou tell me when.

3.

Was it a parcel of Celeſtial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleſhly mold?
Or was it (think you) made a Soul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? While we go about,
By reaſon to reſolve, the more we raiſe a doubt.

If

4.

If it be part of that celeſtial Flame,
It muſt be ev'n as pure, as free fro m ſpot
As that eternal Fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſs, then whence came the blot?
It ſelf being pure could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as Jarrs corrupt their Oyl.

5.

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix Dayes, where kept till now?
Or if the *Soul* were new created, then
Heav'n did not at all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six Days expired, all creation ceaſt;
All kinds, ev'n from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and complete before the day of reſt.

6.

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And ev'ry like brings forth her like again:
Shall Fowls and Fiſhes, Beaſts and Plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and Man leſs than they?
Shall theſe get living Souls? and Man dead lumps of clay?

7.

Muſt humane Souls be generated then?
My water ebbs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures work produce the Souls of men,
Mans Soul is mortal: All that's born muſt die,
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe this gloomy cloud? till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzled quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine own Soul, and wonder there.
Thy Soul by creation is infused, by infusion, created.

EPIG. 9.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happiness, that can return
No more account but this, to say, *I burn.*

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tuo me cunq; rapit.

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

1.

NO sooner is this lighted Taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of Eye-bedarking Night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wastful rage
Disturbs her peaceful Light, (bright.
And makes her substance waste, and makes her flame less

2.

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This Soul afflicting Earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joyes, and puff out all our mirth.

3.

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old Age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows Prayers,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4.

Our life is but a Pilgrimage of blasts,
And every blast brings forth a fear;
And every fear, a Death;
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it wastes:
Were, were we to continue here
The dayes of long liv'd *Seth*,
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath,

5.

Toſt to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With every puff, with every tide
Of ſelf-conſuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n,
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turn'd aſide;
And every blaſt of Air
Commits ſuch waſte in man as man cannot repair.

6.

W' are all born debters, and we firmly ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt parents debt,
Beſides our intereſt;
Alas! we have no harmleſs counter-band,
And we are every hour beſet
With threatnings of arreſt,
And till we pay the debt we can expect no reſt.

7.

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our taſt
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minutes pleaſur's choak'd with diſcontent:
Her glory foil'd with every blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding ſheet.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

In this World, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the World is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing World? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her Storms.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou consum'd with Soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the Tapour lifted hie
Will brook the Wind, when lower Tapours die.

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Curando Labaſcit.

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the physician,

1.

ALways pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightneſs ſtill obſcur'd?
Ever dreſſing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much ſnuffing makes a waſte;
When the Spirits ſpend too faſt,
They will ſhrink at ev'ry blaſt.

2.

You that always are beſtowing
Coſtly pains in life repairing,
Are but alwayes overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her ſo,
In a work ſhe hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3.

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride diſdains a tutour,
Cannot ſtoop to Arts correction,
And ſhe ſcorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy Art ſhould not appear
Till ſhe whiſper in her Ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* bear.

4.

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that ſhe cannot;
Art ſtands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing ſhe began not;
If diſtemper chance to ſeiſe
Nature foil'd with the diſeaſe,
Art may help her if ſhe pleaſe.

5.

But to make a trade of trying
Druggs and doſes always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear bought drugs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6.

O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirm his compoſition,
And at beſt how tranſitory!
When this riot doth impair
Natures weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruine by repair.

8.

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſuſtain her,
She untouch'd, may laſt the longer?
When the Artiſt goes about,
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Physicians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the World proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the Earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my *Light* appear
But dim, *Quack* comes to make all clear;
Quack leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us *light*.

Te auxiliante resurgo.

PSALM 91. 11.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

1.

O How mine Eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual Ages in this precious ſight?
How I could woe Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an antidote for Night
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my Taper ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoon would out or waſt
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2.

O, I have loſt the jewel of my Soul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die?
Alas! my Sin-made darkneſs doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful Eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſack every hole;
Nor have I other Light to ſeek it by:
O if this Light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe than loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3.

You bleſſed Angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of Eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to Earth, vouchſafing to employ
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That, for your pains, do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

This

4.

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair ſuburbs of Eternity,
Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
And turn'd a *Maypole* for the ſporting *Fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious Eye?
How had this ſlender inch of Tapour been
Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heavenly *Screen*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept between!

5.

O goodneſs, far tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend!
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
T' expreſs expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th' Eternal Court,
Whoſe full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that World of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſanna's mix'd with your Seraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the World, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and drive'n
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n:
One Angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Than thrice as many thousands of thy own.

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Tempus erit

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

Time. 1. *Death.*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this ſlender ſnuff,
Alas, it hath not long to laſt:
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakneſs knows the way to waſt:
Nature hath made her ſubſtance apt enough
To ſpend it ſelf, and ſpend too faſt:
It needs the help of none
That is ſo prone
To laviſh out untouch'd, and languiſh all alone.

2.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and ſhake thy ſlow pac'd ſand;
Thy idle minutes make no way:
Thy glaſs exceeds her hour, or elſe doth ſtand,
I cannot hold, I cannot ſtay.
Surceaſe thy pleading, and enlarge my hand,
I ſurfeit with too long delay:
This brisk, this bold-fac'd Light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkneſs adorns my throne, my day is darkeſt Night.

3.

Time. Great Prince of darkneſs, hold thy needleſs hand;
Thy captive's faſt and cannot flee:
What arm can reſcue? who can countermand?
What pow'r can ſet thy Priſoner free?
Or if they could, what cloſe, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmleſs Light
Offend thy ſight, (at Night?
What need'ſt thou ſnatch at noon, what will be thine

Death.

4.

Death. I have out ſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Grows dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long-liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delaid
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Urn.
My patient gives me pow'r
Each day, Each hour, (tow'r
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, and ſhake the Princely

5.

Time. Thou count'ſt too faſt: thy patent gives no pow'r
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen.* (hour?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, When:
Alas! thou canſt not make the pooreſt flow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arm thy

S. AUGUST.

Thou knoweſt not what time he will come: wait always that because thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayeſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, because thou mayeſt be prepared againſt all times.

EPIG. 6.

xpect, but fear not Death: Death cannot kill,
Time, (that firſt muſt ſeal her Patent) will:
ould'ſt thou live long? keep *Time* in high eſteem;
hom gone, if thou canſt not recal, redeem.

Nec sine nec Tecum VL

JOB 18. 6.

His Light shall be dark, and his Candle shall be put out.

1.

WHAT ails our tapour? Is her lustre fled,
Or foyl'd? What dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she vails her golden head?

2.

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnish'd with her Brothers hair.

3.

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4.

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine Eye:
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'reign's by.

5.

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger Light.

6.

Great God, I am thy Tapour, thou my Sun;
From thee, the Spring of Light, my Light began;
Yet if thy Light but shine, my Light is done.

7.

If thou withdraw thy Light, my Light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a Light is mine?
My Light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

8.

Thy Sun beams are too ſtrong for my weak Eye ;
If thou but ſhine , how nothing , Lord , am I !
Ah , who can ſee thy viſage , and not die !

9.

If intervening Earth ſhould make a Night ,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright ,
My Earth would even preſume t' eclipſe thy Light.

10.

And if thy Light be ſhadow'd , and mine fade ,
If thine be dark , and my dark Light decay'd ,
I ſhould be clothed with a double ſhade.

11.

What ſhall I do ? O what ſhall I deſire ?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require ,
That thus am waſting twixt a double fire ?

12.

In what a ſtrait , in what a ſtrait am I ?
'Twixt two extremes how my rackt fortunes lie ?
See I thy face , or ſee it not , I die.

13.

O let the ſteam of my Redeemers bloud ,
That breaths from my ſick Soul , be made a cloud ,
To interpoſe theſe Lights , and be my ſhroud.

14.

Lord , what am I ? or what's the Light I have ?
May it but Light my aſhes to their grave ,
And ſo from thence , to thee ; 'tis all I crave.

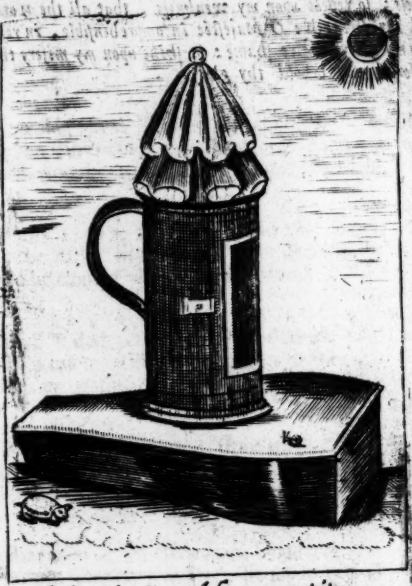
15.

O make my Light , that all the World may ſee
Thy Glory by't : If not , it ſeems to me
Honour enough , to be put out by thee.

O Light inacceſſible, in reſpect of which my Light is utter darkneſs; ſo reflect upon my weakneſs, that all the world may behold thy ſtrength: O Majeſtie incomprehenſible, in reſpect of which my glory is mere ſhame: ſo ſhine upon my miſery that all the World may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, becauſe thou art bereav'n
Of all thy Light? wilt thou vie Lights with Heav'n?
Can thy bright Eye not brook the daily Light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a Child of Night.



Nec virtus obſcura petit.

MATTHEW 5. 16.

Let your Light so shine, that men seeing your good works may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.

1.

WAS it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown
Into the nostrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for so poor an end?

2.

Was Man, the highest master-piece of Nature,
The curious abstract of the whole Creation,
Whose Soul was copied from his great Creatour,
Made to give Light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? to spend his Light
In a dark-lanthorn cloystred up in Night?

3.

Tell me, recluse Monastick, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapours may gain Light from thee:
Is thy Light less or worse for lighting mine?
If wanting Light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

4.

Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busie Eye should pry into thy flame,
And spie a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come fond Tapour, shine but clear,
Thou needst not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

5.

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creatour by;
Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
Thou ow'ſt thy Maker: And wilt thou deny
To pay the Int'reſt of thy Light?
And skulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6.

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſie flame
To the injurious waſt of Fortunes puff?
Ah, coward, rouze, and quit thy ſelf for ſhame;
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no Eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

7.

Make not thy ſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a jail?
Thou art an Eagle: And befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd ſnail?
Let toyes ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but loſt.

8.

My God, my Light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt: 'tis dim enough at brighteſt;
But 'tis her glory to be foyl'd by thine.
Let others lurk: My Light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monasticks make Cloysters to inclose the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Afraid of Eyes? what, still play least in sight?
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events;
Come forth, *Monastick*; here's no Parliaments.

Vt Luna Infantia torpet.

JOB 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

1.

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough, of old,
To meaſure out the life of man!
In thoſe well temper'd dayes his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2.

Alas
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeav'n ſhort ſtages 'ore, their ſhort-liv'd task is done.

3.

Our dayes
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick playes
And toyes, until the firſt ſtage end:
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs: We rather breatch than live.

4.

We ſpend
A ten years breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a Death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, and waking, prove but toys.

How

5.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a State as this!
His dayes are ſhort, at longeſt; few, at moſt;
They are but bad, at beſt; yet laviſht out, or loſt.

6.

They be
The ſecret ſprings,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift than Eagles wings:
Our life's a Clock, and every gaſp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* ſhall ſtrike a death.

7.

How ſoon
Our new-born Light
Attains to full-ag'd Noon!
And this, how ſoon to gray-hair'd Night!
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom, and we blaſt
E'r we can count our dayes, our dayes they flee ſo faſt.

8.

They end
When ſcarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy dayes; and if they flie too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy laſt.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason and a necessity of Sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few dayes
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish playes:
Know'st thou what tears thine Eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o're agen.

Proles tua Maia, Iuventus

JOB 20. 11.

His bones are full of the Sins of his youth.

1.

THE ſwift-foot Poſt of Time hath now begun
His ſecond ſtage;
The dawning of our Age
Is loſt and ſpent without a Sun:
The Light of Reaſon did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemiſphere.

2.

The infant Will had yet none other guide
But twilight Senſe;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful ſteps, that tread aſide?
Reaſon now draws her curtains; her clos'd Eyes
Begin to open, and ſhe calls to riſe.

3.

Youths now diſcloſing bud peeps out, and ſhows
Her *April* head;
And, from her graſs-green bed,
Her Virgin Primeroſe early blowes:
Whil'ſt waking *Philomel* prepares to Sing
Her warbling ſonets to the wanton ſpring.

4.

His ſtage is pleaſant, and the way ſeems ſhort,
All ſtrow'd with flowers;
The dayes appear but howers,
Being ſpent in time-beguiling ſport.
Her griefs do neither preſs, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

His

5.

His downy cheek grows proud, and now disdains
The tutours hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neckt steed with prouder reins:
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his Ear
With the glad downfal of the falling Deer.

6.

His quicknos'd armie, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
Most now prepare
To chase the tim'rous Hare.
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay,
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

7.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale nor bliss;
And late repentance is
The last dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If lust orecast him not, b'as fair a day.

8.

Proud blossom, use thy Time: Times head strong horse
Will post away:
Trust not the soll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: believe't, thy dayeswill fall
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

S. AMBR.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when ſtrength is firom, when blood is hot, when cares are ſtrangers, when mirth is free, then pride ſwelleth, and humility is deſpiſed.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

y years are newly gray, his newly green;
youth may live to ſee what thine hath ſeen;
is thy Parallel: his preſent ſtage
d thine are the two Tropicks of mans Age.

ECCLESIASTES 11. 9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

1.

HOW flux! how alterable is the date
Of tranſitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another ſtate!
No tranſitory things can laſt?
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haſt;
Time preſent's but the ruine of Time paſt.

2.

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span,
And how thy Light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waſte what ſatisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy ſhortned dayes, but this, the ſtyle of Man?
And what's a man? a cask of care,
Now tunn'd and working; he's a middle ſtair
Twixt birth and Death; a blaſt of full-ag'd air.

3.

His breaſt is tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whoſe new-blown flames muſt now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may reſtrain
The rage of his deſire,
Whoſe painful pleaſure is but pleaſing pain,
His life's a ſickneſs that doth riſe
From a hot liver, Whilſt his paſſion lies
Expecting cordials from his miſtriſs Eyes.

4.

His ſtage is ſtrow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flowers:
His year ſometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtful weather's Sun-ſhine mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*;
His life's a medley, made of *Sweets* and *Sowrs*;
His pains reward is *Smiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is fair language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *No-thing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5.

Do, waſt thy inch, proud *Span* of living Earth,
Conſume thy golden days
In ſlaviſh freedom; let thy ways
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of *Time* decayes,
And laviſh plenty ſtill fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at laſt;
And painful labour may repair a waſt;
But pains nor price can call thy minutes paſt.

SEN.

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay down the mind of a Child, and deſerve the ſtyle of a wiſe man; for at thoſe Years childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſs remaineth, and what is worſe, thou haſt the authority of a man, but the vices of a Child.

EPIG. II.

To the declining man.

Why ſtand'ſt thou diſcontented? Is not he
As equal diſtant from the top as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

DEUTERONOMIE 33. 25.

As thy Dayes, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be.

The Poſt
Of ſwift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Calends of our middle ſtage:
The number'd ſteps that we have gone, do ſhow
The number of thoſe ſteps we are to go:
The buds and bloſſoms of our Age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is loſt;
And what we boaſt too much, we have leaſt cauſe to boaſt.

Ah me!
There is no reſt;
Our Time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-ſtrong hours;
They poſt away: They paſs we know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before we can ſay *Now*:
Time paſt and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceaſt
To be:
What is, is only ours, How ſhort a Time have we!

And now
Apollo's Ear
Expects harmonious ſtrains
New minted from the *Thracian* Lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd *Hill*
Inſpires the raviſh'd fancy, and doth fill
The veins with *Pegaſean* fire:
And now thoſe ſteril brains
That cannot ſhow,
Nor bear
Some Fruits, ſhall never wear *Apollo's* ſacred *Bow.*

Exceſs
And ſurfeit uſes
To wait upon theſe days;
Full ſeed, and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a Spirit
By the caſe *Magick* of debauch'd delight;
Ah pity, twice-born *Bacchus Vine*
Should ſtarve *Apollo's Bayes*,
And drown thoſe *Muſes*
That bleſs
And calm the peaceful Soul, when ſtorms of cares oppreſs.

Strong Light
Boaſt not thoſe beams
That can but only riſe
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no *Solſtice* in thy day;
Thy midnight Glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of Night,
A glory ſoil'd with ſhame, and fool'd with falſe deligh.

Haſt

Haſt thou climbed up to the full Age of thy few Days? Look backwards and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childhood, and the waſte of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou ſhalt ſee the cares of the World, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy Body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the luſty *Noon*
Of thy full Age, boaſt not thy ſelf too ſoon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed; thou'lt brag too ſoon, or boaſt too late.

JOHN 3. 30.

He muſt encreaſe, but I muſt decreaſe.

TIME voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our daies declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the Weſtern road;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow ſteeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, remembring ſtill
Their laſhes up th' Olympick hill.
Which having conquer'd, now diſdain
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full carieer they bend
Their paces to their journeys end:
Our blazing Tapour now hath loſt
Her better half, Nature hath croſt
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that ſcore,
But ſcarce gives truſt for ſo much more:
And now the generous ſap forſakes
Her fire-grown twig: a breath ev'n ſhakes
The down ripe fruit; fruit ſoon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untoucht, unforc'd.
Now Sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt *Mars* ſupplies her luke-warm place:
Blood turn to choler: what this Age
Loſes in ſtrength it finds in rage:
That rich ennamel, which of old,
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told,

A harmleſs

A harmleſs guilt, unask'd, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow:
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate*:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *Crimes*;
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their Coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The Sons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to diſplay
The flagg of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line,
And wound your names, the popular Ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were.
Thus hackney like, we tire our Age,
Spur-gall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seest thou the daily Light of the greater World? when attained to the highest pitch of Meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the Light of the lesser World more permanent? Continuance is the Child of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy rising days
Cheer thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphil ways
Lead to Deaths dungeon? no, but know withal,
Arising is but Prologue to a fall.

JOHN 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the Light with you.

1.

THe day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made
No leſs than treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T'uncurl bright *Titans* hair;
Whoſe Weſtern wardrobe now begins t'unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his Evening glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtleſs *Thetis* arms.

2.

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The Spirits of all fleſh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſte the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droyling ſwine-herd knocks away, and feaſts
His hungry whining gueſts:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dapled Thruſh
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved buſh.

3.

And now the cold Autumnal dews are ſeen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low-ſhorn Rowins doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſs branches doff their Summer ſuits
And wain their Winter Fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in ſuits of moſſy freez.

Our

4.

Our wasted Taper now hath brought her Light
To the next door to Night;
Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take Eternal rest.

5.

Now careful Age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight
Disturb's his weary Night:
He threatens youth with Age; and now alas,
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6.

Gray-hairs, peruse thy dayes, and let thy past
Read Lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurry'd them away
Will give these days no day:
The constant wheels of Nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

S. CHRY.

S. CHRYS.

Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with gray hairs: But when an ancient man hath childiſh manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a Child.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſs.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old Man; he repreſents
Thy *Future*, thou, his *Preterperfect* tenſe:
Thou goeſt to labour, he prepares to reſt:
Thou break'ſt thy faſt, he ſupps: now which is beſt?

Plumbus in terram.

PSALM 90. 10.

The days of our years are threeſcore years and ten.

1.

So have I ſeen th' illuſtrious *Prince* of Light
Riſing in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid ſhades of Night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pauſe firſt, decline, at length begin to ſhroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2.

So have I ſeen a well-built *Caſtle* ſtand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty Hill,
Whoſe active pow'r commands both Sea and Land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her truſt,
And layes her tott'ring ruins in the duſt.

3.

So have I ſeen the blazing *Taper* ſhoot
Her Golden head into the feeble Air,
Whoſe ſhadow-gilding ray ſpread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkneſs fair;
Till at the length her waſting glory fades,
And leaves the Night to her invet'rate ſhades.

4.

Ev'n ſo this little World of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom Earth adores, and all her Hoſts obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by Age, Death cancels all his days.

5.

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſh'd from our darkned Eyes:
That ſturdy *Caſtle*, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a Mon'ment of her own diſguiſe:
Tnat blazing *Taper*, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled Air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff.

6.

Poor bed-rid *Man!* where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted? where that *Majeſty*
Which ſat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring Eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones?
Thoſe ſwelling veins? thoſe marrow flaming bones?

7.

Thy drooping *glory*'s blurr'd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling in duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſhful Eyes,
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
The panting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And Death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8.

Thus Man that's born of Woman can remain
But a ſhort time: his dayes are full of ſorrow;
His life's a *penance* and his Death's a *pain*.
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;
His breath's a *bubble*, and his day's a *ſpan*:
'Tis glorious miſery to be born a *Man*.

CYPR.

CYPR.

When Eyes are dim, Ears Deaf, viſage pale, Teeth decayed, skin withered, breath tainted, Pipes ſurred, knees trembling, hands ſumbling, Feet failing, the ſudden downfal of thy fleſhly houſe is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetouſneſs alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

What he doth ſpend in groans, thou ſpend'ſt in tears:
Judgment and ſtrength's alike in both your years;
He's helpleſs; ſo art thou; what difference then?
He's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man*.

FINIS.